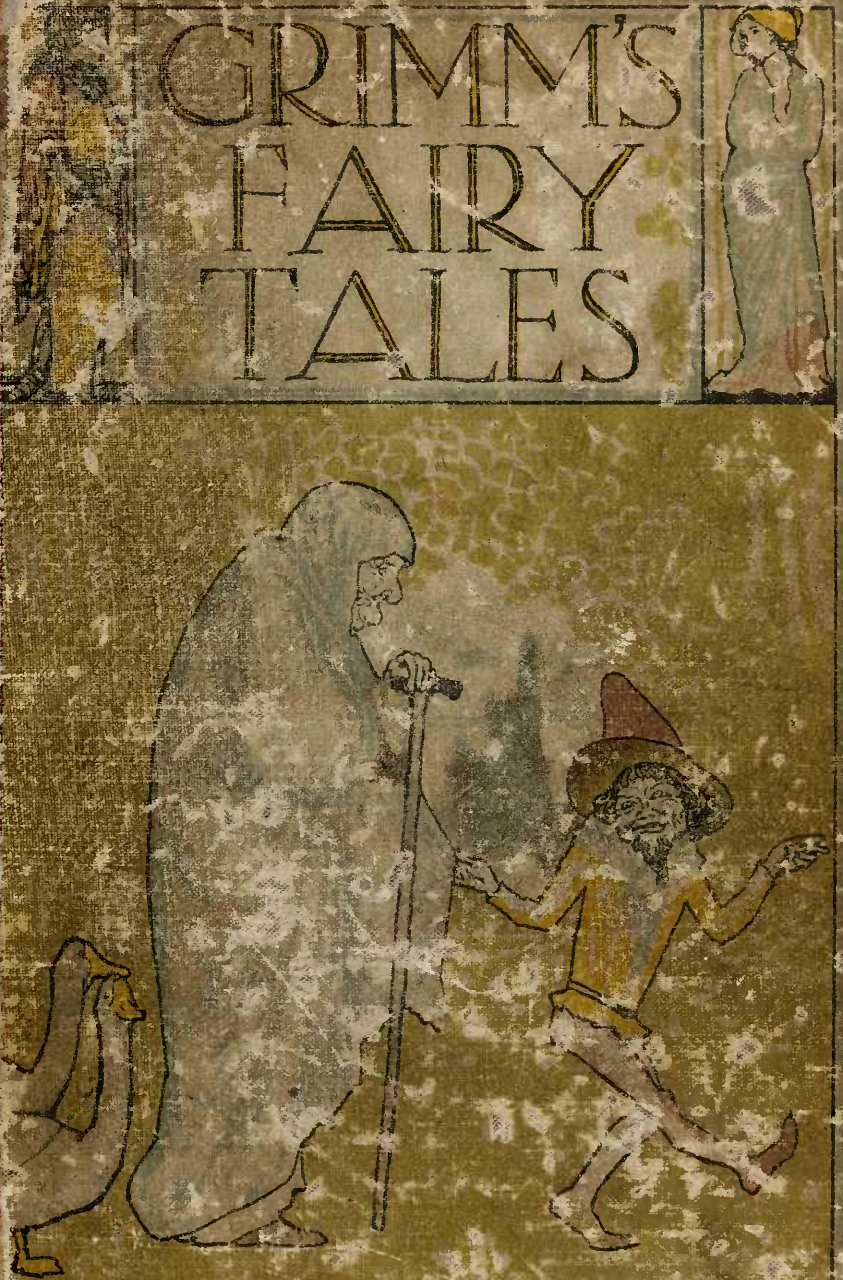
GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES



NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES
3 3333 08575 3347

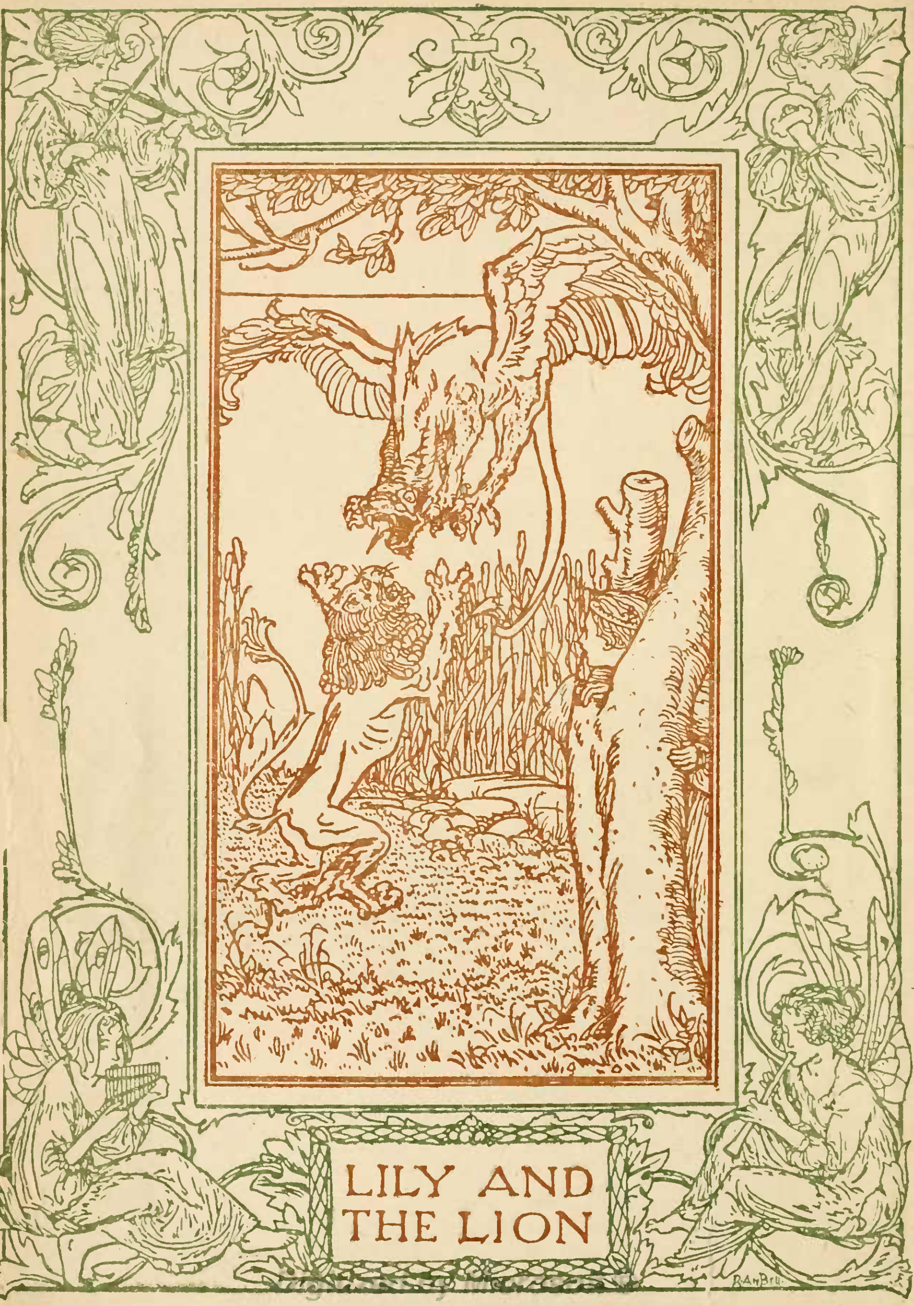
j-398.21
G
~~398~~ G A32930 res.

Household Tales

Digitized for Microsoft Corporation
by the Internet Archive in 2007.
From New York Public Library.
May be used for non-commercial, personal, research,
or educational purposes, or any fair use.
May not be indexed in a commercial service.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS


LILY AND
THE LION
R.An.Bell

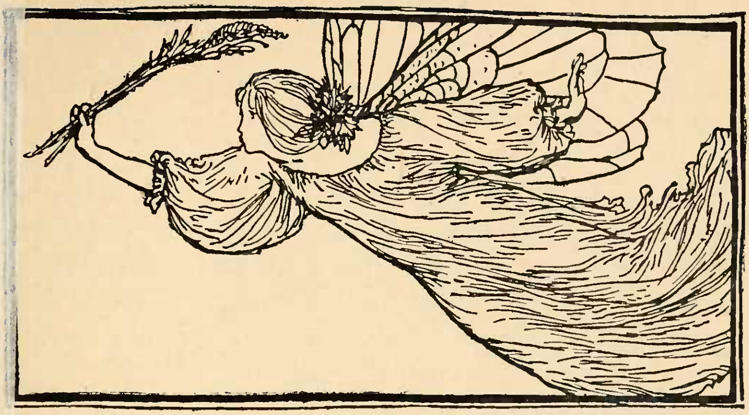
GRIMM'S HOUSEHOLD TALES

EDITED & PARTLY
TRANSLATED ANEW
BY
MARIAN EDWARDES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
R. ANNING BELL

1912
LONDON
J. M. DENT & SONS L^td
NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & C^o

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
A32930
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
L



Preface.

There is no need of many words in introducing the old familiar friends of fairy-land, who never fail of a welcome from those, not yet too old to feel the power of their fascination. The following collection of tales has been made in the assurance that, among the younger readers for whom they are intended, the genuine fairy tale is still without a rival, as a source of interest and amusement; as a source of instruction also, might with truth be added, for, apart from the homely wisdom which underlies most fairy tales, there is in several of them a touch of the fable, which, of all forms, is the most acceptable and convincing for the transmittance of moral teaching. The tales from the "Gammer Grethel" series, are given in the version, published in the "Bohn Library" from the admirable translation by Mr Edgar Taylor, which has, for many years past, delighted its readers; the tales from the "Kinder und Hans-Märchen" have been newly translated.

As much variety as possible has been put into the choice of tales, selection for the most part falling on those which are known to be universally acknowledged as favourites; and as such, it is the hope of the Editor, they may continue, under the new garb in which he now presents them to his young friends.

EDITOR.

Contents

	PAGE
The Golden Goose	1
The Wishing Table, The Gold Ass, and The Cudgel	8
The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage	24
The Fox's Brush	27
The Fisherman and his Wife	39
The Twelve Brothers	47
Briar Rose	56
The Raven	65
Fritz and his Friends	73
The Elfin Grove	79
Bearskin	87
The Jew in the Bush	95
The Robber Bridegroom	101
Ashputtel	107
The Three Spinning Fairies	118

PAGE
Rumpel-Stilts-Ken 122
Madam Holle 126
The Nose-Tree 131
The Goose Girl 141
King Grizzle-Beard 151
The Man in the Bag 158
The Forbidden Room 163
Karl Katz 169
The Changeling 177
Hans in Luck 178
The Bear and the Skrattel . . . 186
Tom Thumb 198
Snow-Drop 206
The Four Crafts-Men 216
Cat-skin 224
Jorinda and Jorindel 233
Thumbling the Dwarf and Thumbling the Giant 238
The Juniper Tree 246
The Water of Life 258
The Blue Light 267
The Water Fairy 273
The Three Crows 283
The Frog-Prince 288
The Elves and the Cobbler . . . 292
Cherry the Frog-Bride 295
The Dancing Shoes 305

PAGE
The Brave Little Tailor . . . 311
Giant Golden-Beard 319
Pee-Wit 327
Hansel and Grethel 333
Lily and the Lion 345
Donkey-Wort 355
The King of the Golden Mountain . . 364
The Two Brothers 373

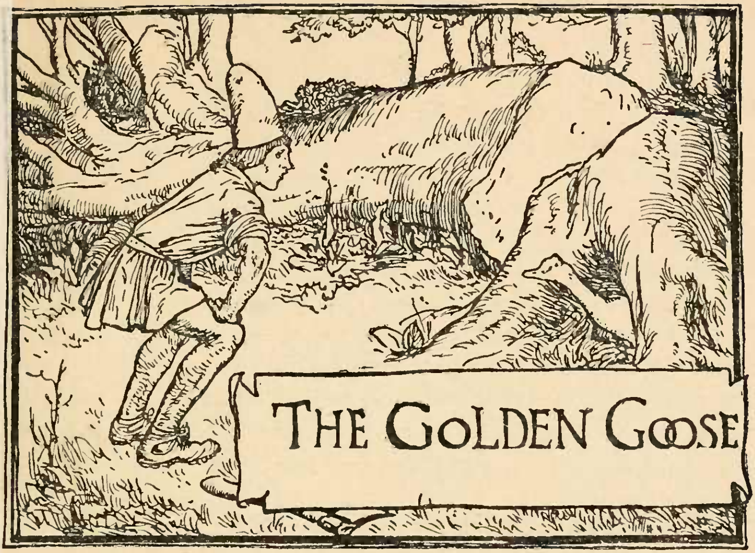
List of Illustrations

	PAGE
Lily and the Lion	*Frontispiece*
Headpiece—Preface	vii
Tailpiece—Preface	viii
Headpiece—Contents	ix
Tailpiece—Contents	xi
Headpiece—List of Illustrations	xiii
Headpiece—The Golden Goose	1
The Golden Goose	3
Tailpiece—The Golden Goose	7
Headpiece—The Wishing Table, the Gold Ass, and The Cudgel	8
The Wishing Table, the Gold Ass, and the Cudgel	15
Headpiece—The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage	24
Headpiece—The Fox's Brush	27
The Princess going to the Bath	33
Tailpiece—The Fox's Brush	38

PAGE
Headpiece—The Fisherman and his Wife . . . 39
Tailpiece—The Fisherman and his Wife . . . 46
Headpiece—The Twelve Brothers 47
The Princess on the branches of a tree . . . 53
Tailpiece—The Twelve Brothers 55
Headpiece—Briar Rose 56
Briar Rose 60
The Prince 61
Headpiece—The Raven 65
The Princess in the Castle 72
Headpiece—Fritz and his Friends . . . 73
Tailpiece—Fritz and his Friends 78
Headpiece—The Elfin Grove 79
Headpiece—Bearskin 87
Bearskin and the Devil 92
Headpiece—The Jew in the Bush . . . 95
The Jew in the Bush 97
Headpiece—The Robber Bridegroom . . . 101
Tailpiece—The Robber Bridegroom . . . 106
Headpiece—Ashputtel 107
Ashputtel 113
Headpiece—The Three Spinning Fairies . . . 118
Headpiece—Rumpel-Stilts-Ken 122
Headpiece—Madam Holle 126
Tailpiece—Madam Holle 130
Headpiece—The Nose Tree 131
The Princess and the Soldier 135
Headpiece—The Goose Girl 141
The true Princess and Curdken 147

PAGE
adpiece—King Grizzle-Beard 151
e Princess and the Fiddler 155
eadpiece—The Man in the Bag 158
ilpiece—The Man in the Bag 162
eadpiece—The Forbidden Room 163
he Princess in the feathers 167
eadpiece—Karl Katz 169
ilpiece—Karl Katz 176
eadpiece—The Changeling 177
eadpiece—Hans in Luck 178
Headpiece—The Bear and the Skrattel . . . 186
Tailpiece—The Bear and the Skrattel . . . 197
Headpiece—Tom Thumb 198
Headpiece—Snowdrop 206
The Queen and her Glass 210
Headpiece—The Four Crafts-men 216
Princess and the Dragon 220
Tailpiece—The Four Crafts-men . . . 223
Headpiece—Cat-skin 224
The King danced with her 229
Tailpiece—Cat-skin 232
Headpiece—Jorinda and Jorindel 233
The Old Fairy 235
Tailpiece—Jorinda and Jorindel 237
Headpiece—Thumbling the Dwarf and Thumbling the Giant 238
Headpiece—The Juniper Tree 246
Tailpiece—The Juniper Tree 257
Headpiece—The Water of Life 258
Tailpiece—The Water of Life 266

PAGE
Headpiece—The Blue Light 267
Tailpiece—The Blue Light 272
Headpiece—The Water Fairy 273
The Huntsman and the Fairy 277
Headpiece—The Three Crows 283
Headpiece—The Frog-Prince 288
Headpiece—The Elves and the Cobbler . . . 292
Headpiece—Cherry The Frog-Bride . . . 295
The Princes fighting for Cherry 297
Tailpiece—Cherry the Frog-Bride 304
Headpiece—The Dancing Shoes 305
Headpiece—The Brave Little Tailor . . . 311
The Brave Little Tailor 315
Headpiece—Giant Golden-Beard 319
Tailpiece—Giant Golden-Beard 326
Headpiece—Pee-Wit 327
Tailpiece—Pee-Wit 332
Headpiece—Hansel and Grethel 333
Headpiece—Lily and the Lion 345
The Princess carrying the Prince away . . . 351
Lily and the Prince 354
Headpiece—Donkey-Wort 355
Peter and Meta picking up the Diamonds . . . 358
Tailpiece—Donkey-Wort 363
Headpiece—The King of the Golden Mountain . . 364
The Merchant taking his evening walk . . . 365
Tailpiece—The King of the Golden Mountain . . 372
Headpiece—The Two Brothers 373
Tailpiece—The Two Brothers 400



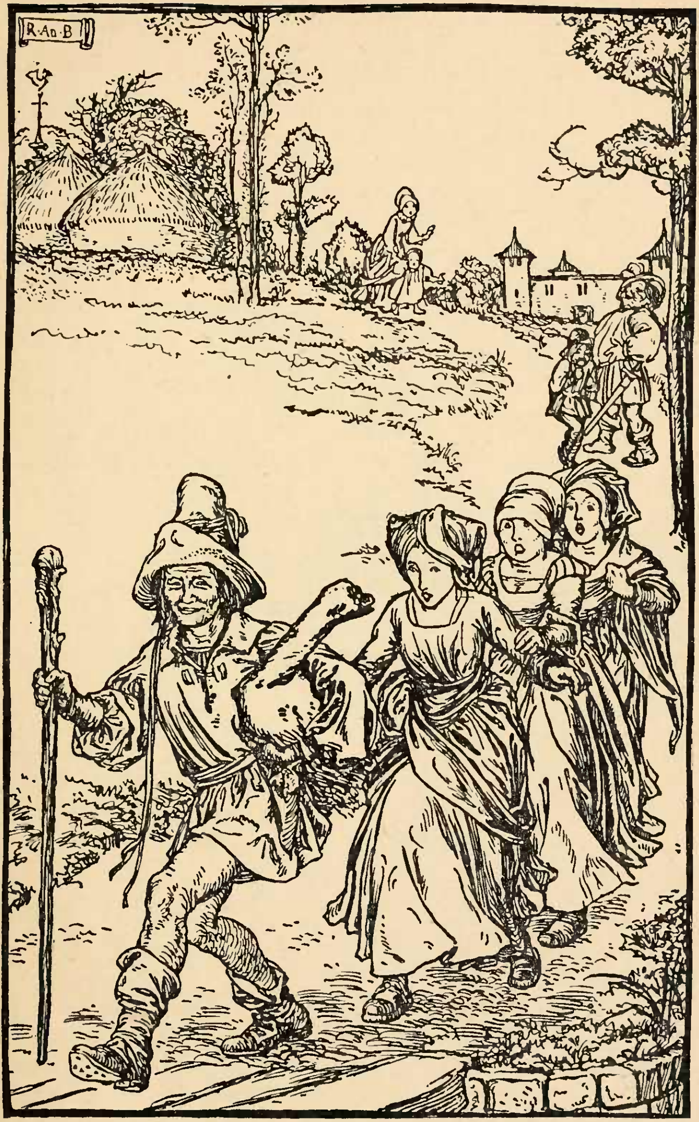
THE GOLDEN GOOSE

There was a man who had three sons. The youngest was called Dummling — which is much the same as Dunderhead, for all thought he was more than half a fool — and he was at all times mocked and ill-treated by the whole household.

It happened that the eldest son took it into his head one day to go into the wood to cut fuel; and his mother gave him a nice pasty and a bottle of wine to take with him, that he might refresh himself at his work. As he went into the wood, a little old man bid him good day, and said, "Give me a little piece of meat from your plate, and a little wine out of your bottle, for I am very hungry and thirsty." But this clever young man said, "Give you my meat and wine? No, I thank you, I should not have enough left for myself:" and away he went. He soon began to cut down a tree; but he had not worked long before he missed his stroke, and cut himself, and was forced to go home to have the wound dressed. Now it was the little old man that sent him this mischief.

Next went out the second son to work : and his mother gave him too a pasty and a bottle of wine. And the same little old man met him also, and asked him for something to eat and drink. But he too thought himself very clever, and said, "The more you eat the less there would be for me : so go your way!" The little man took care that he too should have his reward, and the second stroke that he aimed against a tree hit him on the leg ; so that he too was forced to go home.

Then Dummling said, "Father, I should like to go and cut wood too." But his father said, "Your brothers have both lamed themselves; you had better stay at home, for you know nothing about the business of woodcutting." But Dummling was very pressing; and at last his father said, "Go your way! you will be wiser when you have smarted for your folly." And his mother gave him only some dry bread and a bottle of sour beer. But when he went into the wood, he met the little old man, who said, "Give me some meat and drink, for I am very hungry and thirsty." Dummling said, "I have only dry bread and sour beer; if that will suit you we will sit down and eat it, such as it is, together." So they sat down; and when the lad pulled out his bread, behold it was turned into a rich pasty: and his sour beer, when they tasted it, was delightful wine. They ate and drank heartily; and when they had done, the little man said, "As you have a kind heart, and have been willing to share everything with me, I will send a blessing upon you. There stands



The Golden Goose

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

an old tree; cut it down, and you will find something at the root." Then he took his leave, and went his way.

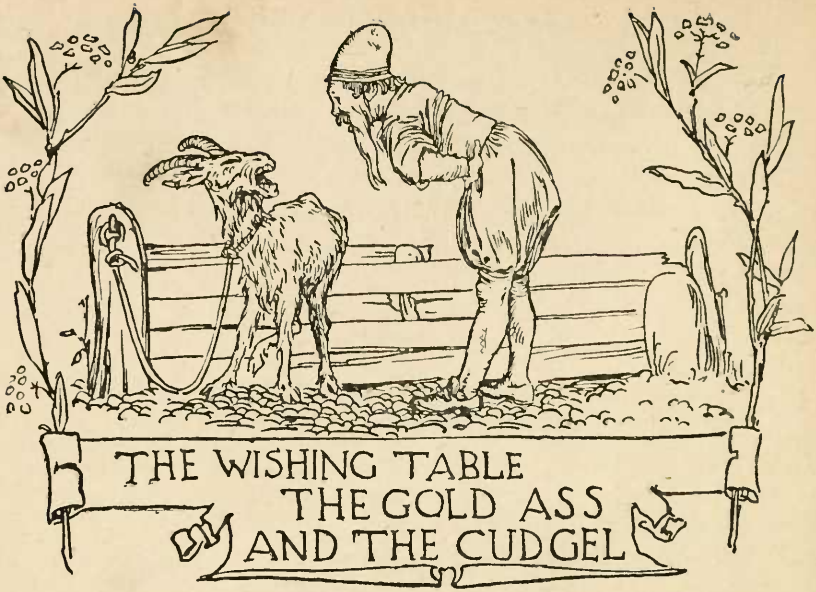
Dummling set to work, and cut down the tree; and when it fell, he found, in a hollow under the roots, a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up, and went on to a little inn by the roadside, where he thought to sleep for the night on his way home. Now the landlord had three daughters; and when they saw the goose they were very eager to look what this wonderful bird could be, and wished very much to pluck one of the feathers out of its tail. At last the eldest said, "I must and will have a feather." So she waited till Dummling was gone to bed, and then seized the goose by the wing; but to her great wonder there she stuck, for neither hand nor finger could she get away again. Then in came the second sister, and thought to have a feather too; but the moment she touched her sister, there she too hung fast. At last came the third, and she also wanted a feather; but the other two cried out "Keep away! for Heaven's sake, keep away!" However, she did not understand what they meant. "If they are there," thought she, "I may as well be there too." So she went up to them; but the moment she touched her sisters she stuck fast, and hung to the goose, as they did. And so they kept company with the goose all night in the cold.

The next morning Dummling got up and carried off the goose under his arm. He took no notice at all of the three girls, but went out with them sticking fast behind. So wherever he travelled, they too were forced to follow, whether they would or no, as fast as their legs could carry them.

In the middle of a field the parson met them; and when he saw the train, he said, "Are you not ashamed of yourselves, you bold girls, to run after a young man in that way over the fields? Is that good behaviour?" Then he took the youngest by the hand to lead her away; but as soon as he touched her he too hung fast, and followed in the train; though sorely against his will, for he was not only in rather too good plight for running fast, but just then he had a little touch of the gout in the great toe of his right foot. By and bye up came the clerk; and when he saw his master, the parson, running after the three girls, he wondered greatly and said, "Holla! holla! your reverence! whither so fast? there is a christening to-day." Then he ran up and took him by the gown; when, lo and behold, he stuck fast too. As the five were thus trudging along, one behind another, they met two labourers with their mattocks coming from work; and the parson cried out lustily to them to help him. But scarcely had they laid hands on him, when they too fell into the rank; and so they made seven, all running together after Dummling and his goose.

Now Dummling thought he would see a little of the world before he went home; so he and his train journeyed on, till at last they came to a city where there was a king who had an only daughter. The princess was of so thoughtful and moody a turn of mind that no one could make her laugh; and the king had made known to all the world, that whoever could make her laugh should have her for his wife. When the young man heard this, he went to her, with his goose and all its train; and as soon as she saw the seven all hanging together, and running along, treading on each other's heels, she could not help bursting into a long and loud laugh. Then Dummling claimed her for his wife, and married her; and he was heir to the kingdom, and lived long and happily with his wife.

But what became of the goose and the goose's tail, I never could hear.



THE WISHING TABLE THE GOLD ASS AND THE CUDGEL

A long time ago there lived a tailor who had three sons but only one goat. As the goat supplied the whole family with milk, she had to be well fed and taken daily to pasture. This the sons did in turn. One day the eldest son led her into the churchyard, where he knew there was fine herbage to be found, and there let her browse and skip about till evening. It being then time to return home, he said to her, "Goat, have you had enough to eat?" and the goat answered,—

"I have eaten so much
Not a leaf can I touch. Man, Man."

"Come along home then," said the boy, and he led her by the cord round her neck back to the stable and tied her up.

"Well," said the old tailor, "has the goat had her proper amount of food?"

"Why, she has eaten so much, not a leaf can she touch," answered the son.

The father, however, thinking he should like to assure himself of this, went down to the stable, patted the animal and said caressingly, "Goat, have you really had enough to eat?" The goat answered,—

"How can my hunger be allayed?
About the little graves I played
And could not find a single blade. Nan. Nan."

"What is this I hear!" cried the tailor, and running upstairs to his son, "You young liar!" he exclaimed, "to tell me the goat had had enough to eat, and all the while she is starving." And overcome with anger, he took his yard-measure down from the wall, and beat his son out of doors.

The next day it was the second son's turn, and he found a place near a garden hedge, where there were the juiciest plants for the goat to feed upon, and she enjoyed them so much that she ate them all up. Before taking her home in the evening, he said to her, "Goat, have you had enough to eat?" and the goat answered,—

"I have eaten so much
Not a leaf can I touch. Nan. Nan."

"Come along home then," said the boy, and he led her away to the stable and tied her up.

"Well," said the old tailor, "has the goat had her proper amount of food?"

"Why, she has eaten so much, not a leaf can she touch," answered the boy.

But the tailor was not satisfied with this, and went down to the stable. "Goat, have you really had enough to eat?" he asked; and the goat answered,—

"How can my hunger be allayed?
About the little graves I played
And could not find a single blade. Nan. Nan."

"The shameless young rascal!" cried the tailor, "to let an innocent animal like this starve!" and he ran upstairs, and drove the boy from the house with the yard-measure.

It was now the third son's turn, who, hoping to make things better for himself, let the goat feed on the leaves of all the shrubs he could pick out that were covered with the richest foliage. "Goat, have you had enough to eat?" he said, as the evening fell, and the goat answered,—

"I have eaten so much
Not a leaf can I touch. Nan. Nan."

"Come along home then," said the boy, and he took her back and tied her up.

"Well," said the old tailor, "has the goat had her proper amount of food?"

"Why, she has eaten so much, not a leaf can she touch," answered the boy.

But the tailor felt mistrustful, and went down and asked, "Goat, have you really had enough to eat?" and the mischievous animal answered,—

"How can my hunger be allayed?
About the little graves I played
And could not find a single blade. Nan. Nan."

"Oh! what a pack of liars!" cried the tailor. "One as wicked and deceitful as the other, but they shall not make a fool of me any longer." And beside himself with anger, he rushed upstairs, and so belaboured his son with the yard-measure, that the boy fled from the house.

The old tailor was now left alone with his goat. The following morning he went down to the stable and stroked and caressed her. "Come along, my pet," he said, "I will take you out myself to-day," and he led her by the green hedgerows and weed-grown banks, and wherever he knew that goats love to feed. "You shall eat to your heart's content for once," he said to her, and so let her browse till evening. "Goat, have you had enough to eat?" he asked her at the close of the day, and she answered,—

"I have eaten so much
Not a leaf can I touch, Nan, Nan."

"Come along home then," said the tailor, and he led her to the stable and tied her up. He turned round, however, before leaving her, and said once more, "You have really had enough to eat for once?" But the goat gave him no better answer than her usual one, and replied,—

"How can my hunger be allayed?
About the little graves I played
And could not find a single blade, Nan, Nan."

On hearing this, the tailor stood, struck dumb with astonishment. He saw now how unjust he had been in driving away his sons. When he found his voice, he cried: "Wait, you ungrateful creature! it is not enough to drive you away, but I will put such a mark upon you, that you will not dare to shew your face again among honest tailors." And so saying, he sprang upstairs, brought down his razor, lathered the goat's head all over, and shaved it till it was as smooth as the back of his hand. Then he fetched the whip,—his yard-measure he considered was too good for such work,—and dealt the animal such blows, that she leapt into the air and away.

Sitting now quite alone in his house, the tailor fell into great melancholy, and would gladly have had his sons back again, but no one knew what had become of them.

The eldest had apprenticed himself to a joiner, and had set himself cheerfully and diligently to learn his trade. When the time came for him to start as a journeyman, his master made him a present of a table, which was of ordinary wood, and to all outward appearance exactly like any other table. It had, however, one good quality, for if anyone set it down, and said, "Table, serve up a meal," it was immediately covered with a nice fresh cloth, laid with a plate, knife and fork, and dishes of boiled and baked meats, as many as there was room for, and a glass of red wine, which only to look at made the heart rejoice.

"I have enough now to last me as long as I live," thought the young man to himself, and accordingly he went about enjoying himself, not minding whether the inns he stayed at were good or bad, whether there was food to be had there or not. Sometimes it pleased him not to seek shelter within them at all, but to turn into a field or a wood, or wherever else he fancied. When there he put down his table, and said, "Serve up a meal," and he was at once supplied with everything he could desire in the way of food.

After he had been going about like this for some time, he bethought him that he should like to go home again. His father's anger would by this time have passed away, and now that he had the wishing-table with him, he was sure of a ready welcome.

He happened, on his homeward way, to come one evening to an inn full of guests. They bid him welcome, and invited him to sit down with them and share their supper, otherwise, they added, he would have a difficulty in getting anything to eat.

But the joiner replied, "I will not take from you what little you have, I would rather that you should consent to be my guests," whereupon they all laughed, thinking he was only joking with them. He now put down his table in the middle of the room, and said, "Table, serve up a meal," and in a moment it was covered with a variety of food of better quality than any the host could have supplied, and a fragrant steam rose from the dishes and greeted the nostrils of the guests. "Now, friends, fall to," said the young man, and the guests, seeing that the invitation was well intended, did not wait to be asked twice, but drew up their chairs and began vigorously to ply their knives and forks. What astonished them most was the way in which, as soon as a dish was empty, another full one appeared in its place. Meanwhile the landlord was standing in the corner of the room looking on; he did not know what to think of it all, but said to himself, "I could make good use of a cook like that."

The joiner and his friends kept up their merriment late into the night, but at last they retired to rest, the young journeyman placing his table against the wall before going to bed.

The landlord, however, could not sleep for thinking of what he had seen; at last it occurred to him that up in his lumber-room he had an old table, which was just such another one to all appearance as the wishing table; so he crept away softly to fetch it, and put it against the wall in place of the other.

When the morning came, the joiner paid for his night's lodging, took up his table, and left, never suspecting that the one he was carrying was not his own.

He reached home at mid-day, and was greeted with joy by his father. "And now, dear son," said the old man "what trade have you learnt?"

"I am a joiner, father."

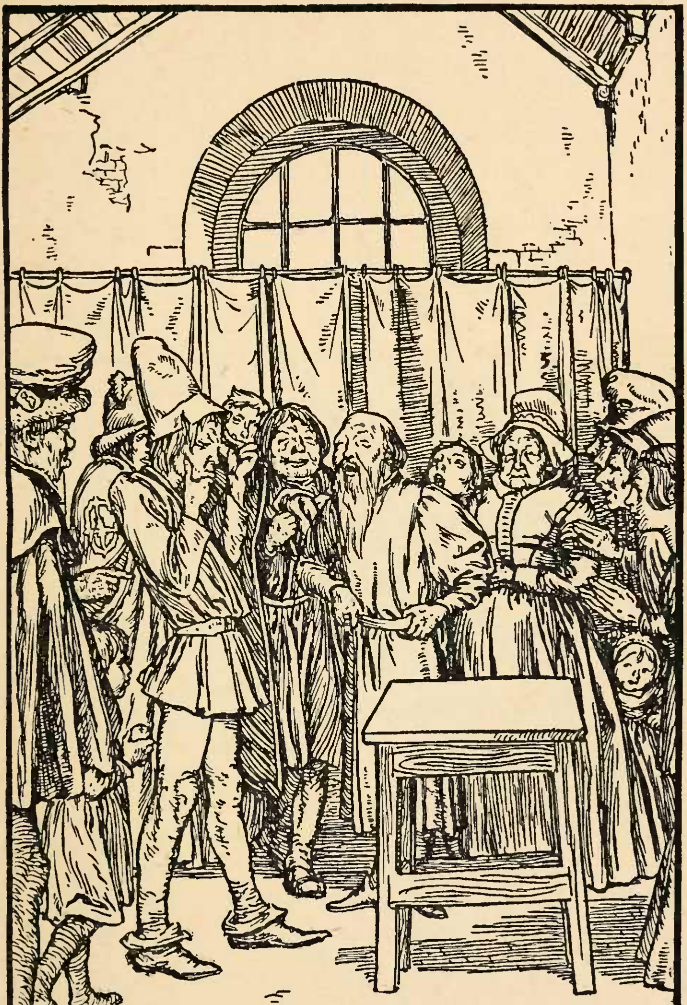
"A capital business," responded the father, "and what have you brought home with you from your travels?"

"The best thing I have brought with me, father, is that table."

The tailor carefully examined the table on all sides. "Well," he said at last, "you have certainly not brought a master-piece back with you; it is a wretched, badly-made old table."

"But it is a wishing-table," interrupted his son, "if I put it down and order a meal, it is at once covered with the best of food and wine. If you will only invite your relations and friends, they shall, for once in their lives, have a good meal, for no one ever leaves this table unsatisfied."

When the guests were all assembled, he put his table down as usual, and said, "Table, serve up a meal," but the table did not stir, and remained as empty as any ordinary table at such a command. Then the poor young man saw that his table had been changed, and he was covered with shame at having to stand there before them all like a liar. The guests made fun of him, and had to return home without bite or sup. The tailor took out his cloth and sat down once more to his tailoring, and the son started work again under a master-joiner.



The
Wishing
Table.
the Gold
Ass and
the
Cudgel

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
L

The second son had apprenticed himself to a miller. When his term of apprenticeship had expired, the miller said to him, "As you have behaved so well, I will make you a present of an ass; it is a curious animal, it will neither draw a cart nor carry a sack."

"Of what use is he then?" asked the young apprentice.

"He gives gold," answered the miller, "if you stand him on a cloth, and say "Bricklebrit," gold pieces will fall from his mouth."

"That is a handsome present," said the young miller, and he thanked his master and departed.

After this, whenever he was in need of money, he had only to say "Bricklebrit," and a shower of gold pieces fell on the ground, and all he had to do was to pick them up. He ordered the best of everything wherever he went, in short, the dearer the better, for his purse was always full.

He had been going about the world like this for some time, when he began to think he should like to see his father again. When he sees my gold ass, he said to himself, he will forget his anger, and be glad to have me back.

It came to pass that he arrived one evening at the same inn in which his brother had had his table stolen from him. He was leading his ass up to the door, when the landlord came out and offered to take the animal, but the young miller refused his help. "Do not trouble yourself," he said, "I will take my old Greycoat myself to the stable and fasten her up, as I like to know where she is."

The landlord was very much astonished at this; the man cannot be very well off, he thought, to look after his own ass. When the stranger, therefore, pulled two gold pieces out of his pocket, and ordered the best of everything that could be got in the market, the landlord opened his eyes, but he ran off with alacrity to do his bidding.

Having finished his meal, the stranger asked for his bill, and the landlord thinking he might safely overcharge such a rich customer, asked for two more gold pieces. The miller felt in his pocket but found he had spent all his gold. "Wait a minute," he said to the landlord, "I will go and fetch some more money." Whereupon he went out, carrying the table-cloth with him.

This was more than the landlord's curiosity could stand, and he followed his guest to the stable. As the latter bolted the door after him, he went and peeped through a hole in the wall, and there he saw the stranger spread the cloth under his ass, and heard him say, "Bricklebrit," and immediately the floor was covered with gold pieces which fell from the animal's mouth.

"A good thousand, I declare," cried the host, "the gold pieces do not take long to coin! it's not a bad thing to have a money-bag like that."

The guest settled his account and went to bed. During the night the landlord crept down to the stable, led away the gold-coining ass, and fastened up another in its place.

Early the next morning the young miller went off with his ass, thinking all the time that he was leading his own. By noonday he had reached home, where his father gave him a warm welcome.

"What have you been doing with yourself, my son?" asked the old man.

"I am a miller, dear father," he answered.

"And what have you brought home with you from your travels?"

"Nothing but an ass, father."

"There are asses enough here," said the father, "I should have been better pleased if it had been a goat."

"Very likely," replied the son, "but this is no ordinary ass, it is an ass that coins money; if I say "Bricklebrit" to it, a whole sackful of gold pours from its mouth. Call all your relations and friends together, I will turn you all into rich people."

"I shall like that well enough," said the tailor, "for then I shall not have to go on plaguing myself with stitching," and he ran out himself to invite his neighbours. As soon as they were all assembled, the young miller asked them to clear a space, and he then spread his cloth and brought the ass into the room. "Now see," said he, and cried "Bricklebrit," but not a single gold piece appeared, and it was evident that the animal knew nothing of the art of gold-coining, for it is not every ass that attains to such a degree of excellence.

The poor young miller pulled a long face, for he saw that he had been tricked: he begged forgiveness of the company, who all returned home as poor as they came. There was nothing to be done now but for the old man to go back to his needle, and the young one to hire himself to a miller.

The third son had apprenticed himself to a turner, which, being a trade requiring a great deal of skill, obliged him to serve a longer time than his brothers. He had, however, heard from them by letter, and knew how badly things had gone with them, and that they had been robbed of their property by an innkeeper on the last evening before reaching home.

When it was time for him to start as a journeyman, his master, being pleased with his conduct, presented him with a bag, saying as he did so, "You will find a cudgel inside."

"The bag I can carry over my shoulder, and it will no doubt be of great service to me, but of what use is a cudgel inside, it will only add to the weight?"

"I will explain," said the master, "if any one at any time should behave badly to you, you have only to say, 'Cudgel, out of the bag,' and the stick will jump out, and give him such a cudgelling, that he will not be able to move or stir for a week afterwards, and it will not leave off till you say, 'Cudgel, into the bag.'"

The young man thanked him, hung the bag on his back, and when any one threatened to attack him, or in any way to do him harm, he called out, "Cudgel, out of the bag," and no sooner were the words said than out jumped the stick, and beat the offenders soundly on the back, till their clothes were in ribbons, and it did it all so quickly, that the turn had come round to each of them before he was aware.

It was evening when the young turner reached the inn where his brothers had been so badly treated. He laid his bag down on the table, and began giving an account of all the wonderful things he had seen while going about the world.

"One may come across a wishing-table," he said, "or an ass that gives gold, and such like; all very good things in their way, but not all of them put together are worth the treasure of which I have possession, and which I carry with me in that bag."

The landlord pricked up his ears. "What can it be," he asked himself, "the bag must be filled with precious stones; I must try and get hold of that cheaply too, for there is luck in odd numbers."

Bed-time came, and the guest stretched himself out on one of the benches and placed his bag under his head for a pillow. As soon as the landlord thought he was fast asleep, he went up to him, and began gently and cautiously pulling and pushing at the bag to see if he could get it away and put another in its place.

But the young miller had been waiting for this and just as the landlord was about to give a good last pull, he cried, "Cudgel, out of the bag," and the same moment the stick was out, and beginning its usual dance. It beat him with such a vengeance that the landlord cried out for mercy, but the louder his cries, the more lustily did the stick beat time to them, until he fell to the ground exhausted.

"If you do not give back the wishing-table and the gold ass," said the young turner, "the game shall begin over again."

"No, no," cried the landlord in a feeble voice, "I will gladly give every thing back, if only you will make that dreadful demon of a stick return to the bag."

"This time," said the turner, "I will deal with you according to mercy rather than justice, but beware of offending in like manner again." Then he cried, "Cudgel, into the bag," and let the man remain in peace.

The turner journeyed on next day to his father's house, taking with him the wishing-table and the gold ass. The tailor was delighted to see his son again, and asked him, as he had the others, what trade he had learnt since he left home.

"I am a turner, dear father," he answered.

"A highly skilled trade," said the tailor, "and what have you brought back with you from your travels?"

"An invaluable thing, dear father," replied the son, "a cudgel."

"What! a cudgel!" exclaimed the old man, "that was certainly well worth while, seeing that you can cut yourself one from the first tree you come across."

"But not such a one as this, dear father; for, if I say to it, "Cudgel, out of the bag," out it jumps, and gives any one who has evil intentions towards me such a bad time of it, that he falls down and cries for mercy. And know, that it was with this stick that I got back the wishing-table and the gold ass, which the dishonest inn-keeper stole from my brothers. Now, go and call them both here, and invite all your relations and friends, and I will feast them and fill their pockets with gold."

The old tailor was slow to believe all this but nevertheless he went out and gathered his neighbours together. Then the turner put down a cloth, and led in the gold ass, and said to his brother, "Now, dear brother, speak to him." The miller said "Bricklebrit," and the cloth was immediately covered with gold pieces, which continued to pour from the ass's mouth until everyone had taken as many as he could carry. (I see by your faces that you are all wishing you had been there).

Then the turner brought in the wishing-table, and said, "Now, dear brother, speak to it." And scarcely had the joiner cried, "Table, serve up a meal," than it was covered with a profusion of daintily dressed meats. Then the tailor and his guests sat down to a meal such as they had never enjoyed before in their lives, and they all sat up late into the night, full of good cheer and jollity.

The tailor put away his needle and thread, his yard-measure and his goose, and he and his three sons lived together henceforth in contentment and luxury.

Meanwhile, what had become of the goat, who had been the guilty cause of the three sons being driven from their home? I will tell you.

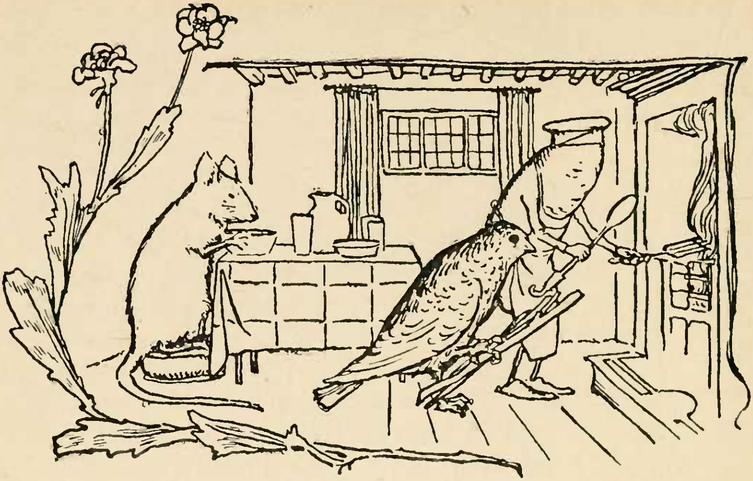
She was so ashamed of her shaven crown, that she ran and crept into a fox's hole. When the fox came home, he was met by two large glittering eyes that gleamed at him out of the darkness, and he was so frightened that he ran away. The bear met him, and perceiving that he was in some distress, said, "What is the matter, brother Fox, why are you pulling such a long face?" "Ah!" answered Redskin, "there is a dreadful animal sitting in my hole, which glared at me with fiery eyes."

"We will soon drive him out," said the Bear, and he trotted back with his friend to the hole and looked in, but the sight of the fiery eyes was quite enough for him, and he turned and took to his heels.

The bee met him and noticing that he was somewhat ill at ease, said, "Bear, you look remarkably out of humour, where have you left your good spirits?" "It's easy for you to talk," replied the bear, "a horrible animal with red goggle-eyes is sitting in the fox's hole, and we cannot drive it out."

The bee said, "I really am sorry for you, Bear; I am but a poor weak little creature that you scarcely deign to look at in passing, but, for all that, I think I shall be able to help you."

With this the bee flew to the fox's hole, settled on the smooth shaven head of the goat, and stung her so violently, that she leaped high into the air, crying, "Nan, nan!" and fled away like a mad thing into the open country; but no one, to this hour, has found out what became of her after that.



The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage.

ONCE upon a time, a mouse, a bird, and a sausage, entered into partnership and set up house together. For a long time all went well; they lived in great comfort, and prospered so far as to be able to add considerably to their stores. The bird's duty was to fly daily into the wood and bring in fuel; the mouse fetched the water, and the sausage saw to the cooking.

When people are too well off they always begin to long for something new. And so it came to pass, that the bird while out one day, met a fellow-bird, to whom he boastfully expatiated on the excellence of his household arrangements. But the other bird sneered at him for being a poor simpleton, who did all the hard work, while the other two stayed at home and had a good time of it. For, when the mouse had made the fire and fetched in the water, she could retire into her little room and rest until it was time to set the table. The sausage had only to watch the pot to see that the food was properly cooked, and when it was near dinner-time, he just threw himself into the broth, or rolled in and out among the vegetables three or four times, and there they were, buttered and salted, and ready to be served. Then, when the bird came home and had laid aside his burden, they sat down to table, and when they had finished their meal, they could sleep their fill till the following morning: and that was really a very delightful life.

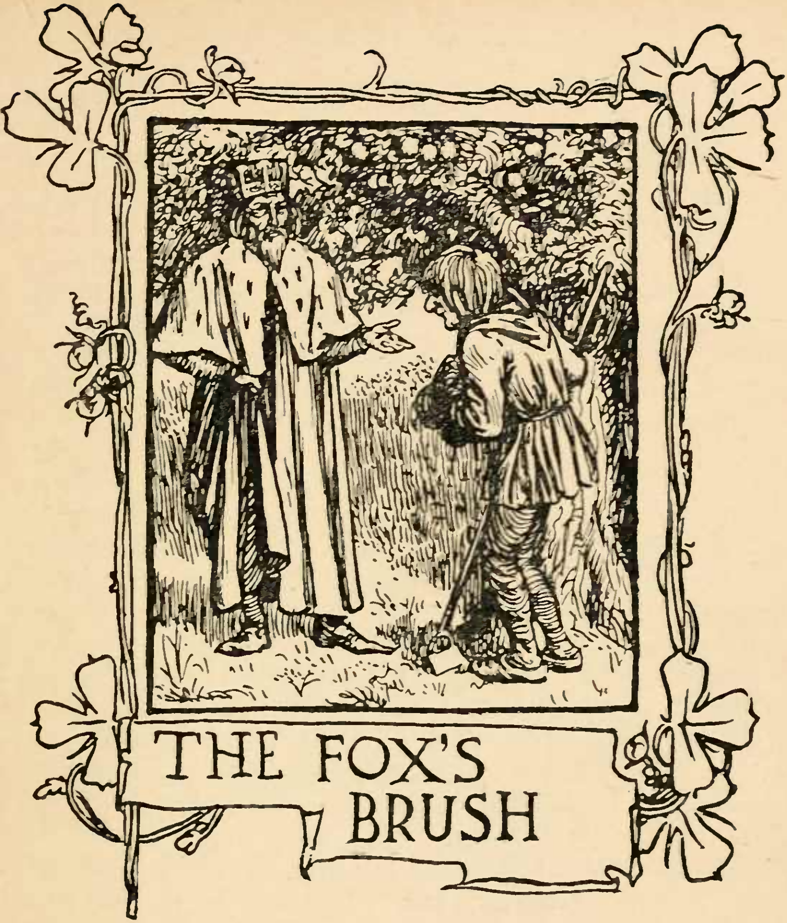
Influenced by these remarks, the bird next morning refused to bring in the wood, telling the others that he had been their servant long enough, and had been a fool into the bargain, and that it was now time to make a change, and to try some other way of arranging the work. Beg and pray as the mouse and the sausage might, it was of no use; the bird remained master of the situation, and the venture had to be made. They therefore drew lots, and it fell to the sausage to bring in the wood, to the mouse to cook, and to the bird to fetch the water.

And now what happened? The sausage started in search of wood, the bird made the fire, and the mouse put on the pot, and then these two waited till the sausage returned with the fuel for the following day. But the sausage remained so long away, that they became uneasy, and the bird flew out to meet him. He had not flown far, however, when he came across a dog who, having met the sausage, had regarded him as his legitimate booty, and so seized and swallowed him. The bird complained to the dog of this bare-faced robbery, but nothing he said was of any avail, for the dog answered that he had found false credentials on the sausage, and that was the reason his life had been forfeited.

The bird picked up the wood, and flew sadly home, and told the mouse all he had seen and heard. They were both very unhappy but agreed to make the best of things and to remain with one another.

So now the bird set the table, and the mouse looked after the food, and wishing to prepare it in the same way as the sausage, by rolling in and out among the vegetables to salt and butter them, she jumped into the pot; but she stopped short long before she reached the bottom, having already parted not only with her skin and hair, but also with life.

Presently the bird came in and wanted to serve up the dinner, but he could nowhere see the cook. In his alarm and flurry, he threw the wood here and there about the floor, called and searched, but no cook was to be found. Then some of the wood that had been carelessly thrown down, caught fire and began to blaze. The bird hastened to fetch some water, but his pail fell into the well, and he after it, and as he was unable to recover himself, he was drowned.



THE FOX'S BRUSH

THE King of the East had a beautiful garden, and in the garden stood a tree that bore golden apples. Lest any of these apples should be stolen, they were always counted; but about the time when they began to grow ripe, it was found that every night one of them was gone. The king became very angry at this, and told the gardener to keep a watch under the tree all night.

The gardener set his eldest son to watch, but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another of the apples was missing.

Then the second son was set to watch, and at midnight he too fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone.

Then the third son offered to keep watch: but the gardener at first would not let him, for fear some harm should come to him. However, at last he yielded, and the young man laid himself under the tree to watch. As the clock struck twelve he heard a rustling noise in the air, and a bird came flying and sat upon the tree. This bird's feathers were all of pure gold; and as it was snapping at one of the apples with its beak, the gardener's son jumped up and shot an arrow at it. The arrow, however, did the bird no harm, it only dropped a golden feather from its tail, and flew away. The golden feather was then brought to the king in the morning, and all his court were called together. Every one agreed that it was the most beautiful thing that had ever been seen, and that it was worth more than all the wealth of the kingdom: but the king said, "One feather is of no use to me, I must and will have the whole bird."

Then the gardener's eldest son set out to find this golden bird, and thought to find it very easily; and when he had gone but a little way, he came to a wood, and by the side of the wood he saw a fox sitting. The lad was fond of a little sporting, so he took his bow and made ready to shoot at it. Then Mr Reynard, who saw what he was about, and did not like the thought of being shot at, cried out, "Softly, softly! do not shoot me, I can give you good counsel. I know what your business is, and that you want to find the golden bird. You will reach a village in the evening, and when you get there you will see two inns, built one on each side of the street. The right-hand one is very pleasant and beautiful to look at, but go not in there. Rest for the night in the other, though it may seem to you very poor and mean." "What can such a beast as this know about the matter?" thought the silly lad to himself. So he shot his arrow at the fox, but he missed it, and it only laughed at him, set up its tail above its back, and ran into the wood.

The young man went his way, and in the evening came to the village where the two inns were. In the right-hand one were people singing, and dancing, and feasting; but the other looked very dirty, and poor, "I should be very silly," said he, "if I went to that shabby house, and left this charming place:" so he went into the smart house, and ate and drank at his ease; and there he stayed, and forgot the bird and his country too.

Time passed on, and as the eldest son did not come back, and no tidings were heard of him, the second son set out, and the same thing happened to him. He met with the fox sitting by the roadside, who gave him the same good advice as he had given his brother: but when he came to the two inns, his eldest brother was standing at the window where the merry-making was, and called to him to come in; and he could not withstand the temptation, but went in, joined the merry-making, and there forgot the golden bird and his country in the same manner.

Time passed on again, and the youngest son too wished to set out into the wide world, to seek for the golden bird; but his father would not listen to him for a long while, for he was very fond of his son, and was afraid that some ill-luck might happen to him also, and hinder his coming back. However, at last it was agreed he should go; for, to tell the truth, he would not rest at home. As he came to the wood he met the fox, who gave him the same good counsel that he had given the other brothers. But he was thankful to the fox, and did not shoot at him, as his brothers had done. Then the fox said, "Sit upon my tail, and you will travel faster." So he sat down: and the fox began to run, and away they went over stock and stone, so quickly that their hair whistled in the wind.

When they came to the village, the young man was wise enough to follow the fox's counsel, and, without looking about him, went straight to the shabby inn, and rested there all night at his ease. In the morning came the fox again, and met him as he was beginning his journey, and said, "Go straight forward till you come to a castle, before which lie a whole troop of soldiers fast asleep and snoring; take no notice of them, but go into the castle, and pass on and on till you come to a room where the golden bird sits in a wooden cage: close by it stands a beautiful golden cage; but do not try to take the bird out of the shabby cage and put it into the handsome one, otherwise you will be sorry for it." Then the fox stretched out his brush again, and the young man sat himself down, and away they went over stock and stone, till their hair whistled in the wind.

Before the castle gate all was as the fox had said: so the lad went in, and found the chamber, where the golden bird hung in a wooden cage. Below stood the golden cage; and the three golden apples, that had been lost, were lying close by its side. Then he thought to himself, "It will be a very droll thing to bring away such a fine bird in this shabby cage;" so he opened the door and took hold of the bird, and put it into the golden cage. But it set up at once such a loud scream, that all the soldiers awoke; and they took him prisoner, and carried him before the king.

The next morning the court sat to judge him; and when all was heard, it doomed him to die, unless he should bring the king the golden horse, that could run as swiftly as the wind. If he did this he was to have the golden bird given him for his own.

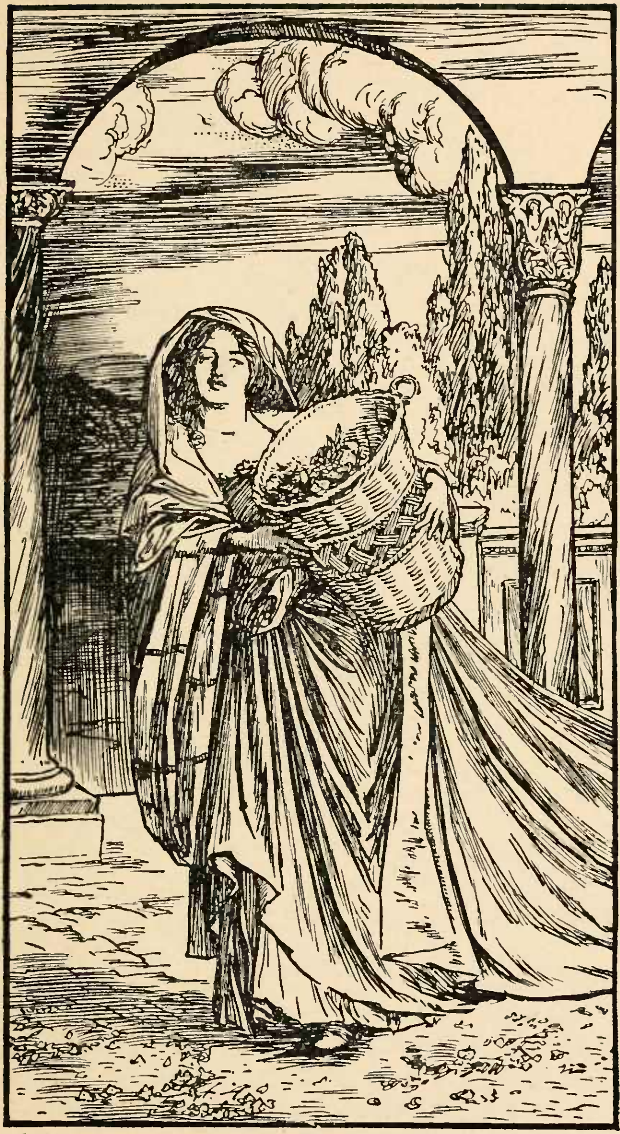
So he set out once more on his journey, sighing, and in great despair; when, on a sudden, he met his good friend the fox taking his morning's walk. "Heyday, young gentleman!" said Reynard; "you see now what has happened from you not listening to my advice. I will still, however, tell you how you may find the golden horse, if you will but do as I bid you. You must go straight on till you come to the castle, where the horse stands in his stall. By his side will lie the groom fast asleep and snoring; take away the horse softly; but be sure to let the old leathern saddle be upon him, and do not put on the golden one that is close by." Then the young man sat down on the fox's tail; and away they went over stock and stone, till their hair whistled in the wind.

All went right, and the groom lay snoring, with his hand upon the golden saddle. But when the lad looked at the horse, he thought it a great pity to keep the leathern saddle upon it. "I will give him the good one," said he: "I am sure he is worth it." As he took up the golden saddle, the groom awoke, and cried out so loud, that all the guards ran in and took him prisoner; and in the morning he was brought before the king's court to be judged, and was once more doomed to die. But it was agreed that if he could bring thither the beautiful princess, he should live and have the horse given him for his own.

Then he went his way again very sorrowful; but the old fox once more met him on the road, and said, "Why did you not listen to me? If you had, you would have carried away both the bird and the horse. Yet I will once more give you counsel. Go straight on, and in the evening you will come to a castle. At twelve o'clock every night the princess goes to the bath: go up to her as she passes, and give her a kiss, and she will let you lead her away; but take care you do not let her go and take leave of her father and mother." Then the fox stretched out his tail, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled again.

As they came to the castle all was as the fox had said; and at twelve o'clock the young man met the princess going to the bath, and gave her the kiss; and she agreed to run away with him, but begged with many tears that he would let her take leave of her father. At first he said, "No!" but she wept still more and more, and fell at his feet, till at last he yielded; but the moment she came to her father's door the guards awoke, and he was taken prisoner again.

So he was brought at once before the king, who lived in that castle. And the king said, "You shall never have my daughter, unless in eight days you dig away the hill that stops the view from my window." Now this hill was so big that all the men in the whole world



The
princess
going to
the bath

C

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
C L

could not have taken it away: and when he had worked for seven days, and had done very little, the fox came and said, "Lie down and go to sleep! I will work for you." In the morning he awoke, and the hill was gone; so he went merrily to the king, and told him that now it was gone he must give him the princess.

Then the king was obliged to keep his word, and away went the young man and the princess. But the fox came and said to him, "That will not do; we will have all three,—the princess, the horse, and the bird." "Ah!" said the young man, "that would be a great thing; but how can it be?"

"If you will only listen," said the fox, "it can soon be done. When you come to the king of the castle where the golden horse is, and he asks for the beautiful princess, you must say, 'Here she is!' Then he will be very glad to see her, and will run to welcome her; and you will mount the golden horse that they are to give you, and put out your hand to take leave of them; but shake hands with the princess last. Then lift her quickly on to the horse, behind you; clap your spurs to his side, and gallop away as fast as you can."

All went right: then the fox said, "When you come to the castle where the bird is, I will stay with the princess at the door, and you will ride in and speak to the king; and when he sees that it is the right horse, he will bring out the bird: but you must sit still, and say that you want to look at it, to see whether it is the true golden bird or not; and when you get it into your hand, ride away as fast as you can."

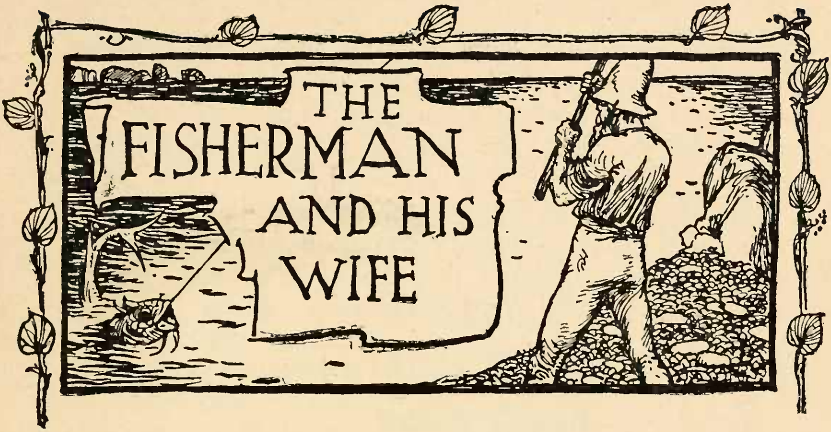
This, too, happened as the fox said: they carried off the bird; the princess mounted again, and off they rode till they came to a great wood. On their way through it they met their old friend Reynard again, and he said, "Pray kill me, and cut off my head and my brush!" The young man would not do any such thing to so good a friend: so the fox said, "I will at any rate give you good counsel: beware of two things! ransom no one from the gallows, and sit down by the side of no brook!" Then away he went. "Well," thought the young man, "it is no hard matter, at any rate, to follow that advice."

So he rode on with the princess, till at last they came to the village where he had left his two brothers. And there he heard a great noise and uproar: and when he asked what was the matter, the people said, "Two rogues are going to be hanged." As he came nearer, he saw that the two men were his brothers, who had turned robbers. At the sight of them in this sad plight his heart was very heavy, and he cried out, "Can nothing save them from such a death?" but the people said "No!" unless he would bestow all his money upon the rascals, and buy their freedom, by repaying all they had stolen. Then he did not stay to think about it, but paid whatever was asked; and his brothers were given up, and went on with him towards their father's home.

Now the weather was very hot; and as they came to the wood where the fox first met them, they found it so cool and shady under the trees, by the side of a brook that ran close by, that the two brothers said, "Let us sit down by the side of this brook and rest a while, to eat and drink." "Very well!" said he, and forgot what the fox had said, and sat down on the side of the brook: and while he thought of no harm coming to him they crept behind him, and threw him down the bank, and took the princess, the horse, and the bird, and went home to the king their master, and said, "All these we have won by our own skill and strength." Then there was great merriment made, and the king held a feast, and the two brothers were welcomed home; but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the princess sat by herself in her chamber, and wept bitterly.

The youngest son fell to the bottom of the bed of the stream. Luckily, it was nearly dry, but his bones were almost broken, and the bank was so steep that he could find no way to get out. As he stood bewailing his fate, and thinking what he should do, to his great joy he spied his old and faithful friend the fox, looking down from the bank upon him. Then Reynard scolded him for not following his advice, which would have saved him from all the troubles that had befallen him. "Yet," said he, "silly as you have been, I cannot bear to leave you here; so lay hold of my brush, and hold fast!" Then he pulled him out of the river, and said to him, as he got upon the bank, "Your brothers have set a watch to kill you if they find you making your way back." So he dressed himself as a poor piper, and came playing on his pipe to the king's court. But he was scarcely within the gate when the horse began to eat, and the bird to sing, and the princess left off weeping. And when he got to the great hall, where all the court sat feasting, he went straight up to the king, and told him all his brothers' roguery. Then it made the king very angry to hear what they had done, and they were seized and punished; and the youngest son had the princess given to him again; and he married her; and after the king's death he was chosen king in his stead.

After his marriage he went one day to walk in the wood, and there the old fox met him once more, and besought him, with tears in his eyes, to be so kind as to cut off his head and his brush. At last he did so, though sorely against his will, and in the same moment the fox was changed into a prince, and the princess knew him to be her own brother, who had been lost a great many years; for a spiteful fairy had enchanted him, with a spell that could only be broken by some one getting the golden bird, and by cutting off his head and his brush.



THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a pigstye, close by the sea-side. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the sparkling waves and watching his line, all on a sudden his float was dragged away deep into the water: and in drawing it up he pulled out a great fish. But the fish said, "Pray let me live! I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince: put me in the water again, and let me go!" "Oh! ho!" said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter; I will have nothing to do with a fish that can talk: so swim away, Sir, as soon as you please!" Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him on the wave.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the pigstye, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and how, on hearing it speak, he had let it go again. "Did not you ask it for anything?" said the wife. "No," said the man; "what should I ask for?" "Ah!" said the wife, "we live very wretchedly here, in this nasty dirty pigstye; do go back and tell the fish we want a snug little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business: however, he went to the sea-shore; and when he came back there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My Wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said, "Well, what is her will? what does your wife want?" "Ah!" said the fisherman, "she says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go; she does not like living any longer in the pigstye, and wants a snug little cottage." "Go home, then," said the fish; "she is in the cottage already!" So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a nice trim little cottage. "Come in, come in!" said she; "is not this much better than the filthy pigstye we had?" And there was a parlour, and a bedchamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden, planted with all sorts of flowers and fruits; and there was a courtyard behind, full of ducks and chickens. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happily we shall live now!" "We will try to do so, at least," said his wife.

Everything went right for a week or two, and then

Dame Ilsabill said, "Husband, there is not near room enough for us in this cottage; the courtyard and the garden are a great deal too small; I should like to have a large stone castle to live in: go to the fish again and tell him to give us a castle." "Wife," said the fisherman, "I don't like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry; we ought to be easy with this pretty cottage to live in." "Nonsense!" said the wife; "he will do it very willingly, I know; go along, and try!"

The fisherman went, but his heart was very heavy: and when he came to the sea, it looked blue and gloomy, though it was very calm; and he went close to the edge of the waves, and said,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My Wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the man, dolefully, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle." "Go home, then," said the fish; "she is standing at the gate of it already." So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before the gate of a great castle. "See," said she, "is not this grand?" With that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished, and full of golden chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and around it was a park half a mile long, full of sheep, and goats, and hares, and deer; and in the courtyard were stables and cow-houses. "Well," said the man, "now we will live cheerful and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives." "Perhaps we may," said the wife; "but let us sleep upon it, before we make up our minds to that." So they went to bed.

The next morning when Dame Ilsabill awoke it was broad daylight, and she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said, "Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be king of all the land." "Wife, wife," said the man, "why should we wish to be king? I will not be king." "Then I will," said she. "But, wife," said the fisherman, "how can you be king? the fish cannot make you a king." "Husband," said she, "say no more about it, but go and try! I will be king." So the man went away quite sorrowful to think that his wife should want to be king. This time the sea looked a dark gray colour, and was overspread with curling waves and ridges of foam as he cried out,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"Well, what would she have now?" said the fish. 'Alas!" said the poor man, "my wife wants to be king." "Go home," said the fish; "she is king already."

Then the fisherman went home; and as he came close to the palace he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets. And when he went in he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head; and on each side of her stood six fair maidens, each a head taller than the other. "Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you king?" "Yes," said she, "I am king." And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be king! now we shall never have anything more to wish for as long as we live." "I don't know how that may be," said she; "never is a long time. I am king, it is true; but I begin to be tired of that, and I think I should like to be emperor." "Alas, wife! why should you wish to be emperor?" said the fisherman. "Husband," said she, "go to the fish! I say I will be emperor." "Ah, wife!" replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make an emperor I am sure, and I should not like to ask him for such a thing." "I am king," said Ilsabill, "and you are my slave; so go at once!"

So the fisherman was forced to go; and he muttered as he went along, "This will come to no good, it is too much to ask; the fish will be tired at last, and then we shall be sorry for what we have done." He soon came to the sea-shore; and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over the waves and rolled them about, but he went as near as he could to the water's brink, and said,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What would she have now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "she wants to be emperor." "Go home," said the fish; she is emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near he saw his wife Ilsabill sitting on a very lofty throne made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head full two yards high; and on each side of her stood her guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf no bigger than my finger. And before her stood princes, and dukes, and earls: and the fisherman went up to her and said, "Wife, are you emperor?" "Yes," said she, "I am emperor." "Ah!" said the man, as he gazed upon her, "what a fine thing it is to be emperor!" "Husband," said she, "why should we stop at being emperor? I will be pope next." "O wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be pope? there is but one pope at a time in Christendom." "Husband," said she, "I will be pope this very day." "But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you pope." "What nonsense!" said she; "if he can make an emperor, he can make a pope: go and try him."

So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore the wind was raging and the sea was tossed up and down in boiling waves, and the ships were in trouble, and rolled fearfully upon the tops of the billows. In the middle of the heavens there was a little piece of blue sky, but towards the south all was red, as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this sight the fisherman was dreadfully frightened, and he trembled so that his knees knocked together: but still he went down near to the shore, and said,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!"

said the fisherman, "my wife wants to be pope." "Go home," said the fish; "she is pope already."

Then the fisherman went home, and found Ilsabill sitting on a throne that was two miles high. And she had three great crowns on her head, and around her stood all the pomp and power of the church. And on each side of her were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rushlight. "Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this greatness, "are you pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am pope." "Well, wife," replied he, "it is a grand thing to be pope; and now you must be easy, for you can be nothing greater." "I will think about that," said the wife. Then they went to bed: but Dame Ilsabill could not sleep all night for thinking what she should be next. At last, as she was dropping asleep, morning broke, and the sun rose. "Ha!" thought she, as she woke up and looked at it through the window, "after all I cannot prevent the sun rising." At this thought she was very angry, and wakened her husband, and said, "Husband, go to the fish and tell him I must be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought frightened him so much that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife!" said he, "cannot you be easy with being pope?" "No," said she, "I am very uneasy as long as the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish at once!"

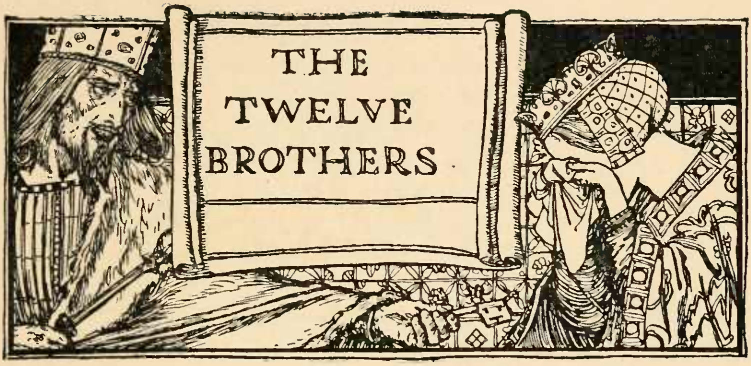
Then the man went shivering with fear; and as he was going down to the shore a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the very rocks shook. And all the heavens became black with stormy clouds, and the lightnings played, and the thunders rolled; and you might have seen in the sea great black waves, swelling up like mountains with crowns of white foam upon their heads. And the fisherman crept towards the sea, and cried out, as well as he could,—

"O man of the sea!
Hearken to me!
My wife Ilsabill
Will have her own will,
And hath sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah!" said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your pigstye again."

And there they live to this very day.

THE TWELVE BROTHERS



THERE were once a king and queen who had lived happily together for many years. They had twelve children, but it so happened that all these children were boys. One day the king said to the queen, "If our next child should be a girl, all the boys must die, for I should like my daughter to be very rich and to inherit the whole of my kingdom." Hereupon he ordered twelve coffins to be made, and after a little pillow had been placed in each and they had all been filled with shavings, they were locked up in a room in the castle. Then the king gave the key to his wife, and told her on no account to say a word of this matter to anyone.

But the poor mother could do nothing but sit and grieve the whole day long, and seeing her so sorrowful, her youngest boy, whom she had named Benjamin after the little son in the Bible, and who always liked to be near his mother, went to her and said, "Dear mother, why are you so sad?"

"I may not tell you, dearest child," she answered.

The boy, however, gave her no peace with his questionings, until at last she rose and led him to the room in which the coffins were kept.

"Dearest Benjamin," she said, "your father had these coffins prepared for you and your brothers, for, if ever I have a little daughter, you are all to be killed and buried in them." She wept so bitterly as she told him this, that her son tried to comfort her, and said: "Do not weep, dear mother; we will go away from here, and I am sure we shall be able to look after ourselves." Then his mother bade him go with his brothers into the wood, and there find the highest tree; "and let one of you," she continued, "be always at the top watching, for you must keep your eyes on the castle-tower. If I have a little son, I will put up a white flag, and then you will know that it is safe for you to return home; if I have a little daughter, I will put up a red flag, and then you must flee for your lives, and may God help and protect you. Every night I shall rise and pray for you; in winter, that you may not be without a fire to warm yourselves by; in summer, that you may be sheltered from the heat."

She then blessed them, and the boys went off to the wood, and kept watch in turn on the top of the highest oak-tree. The day came when it was Benjamin's turn to watch, and as he was looking towards the tower, he saw a flag put up. But, alas! it was no white flag, but a blood-red flag, warning them that the hour had come when their father's cruel sentence was to be carried out.

When the others heard this, they flew into a great rage, and exclaimed in their anger: "Are we to be put to death, just for the sake of a girl! but we will have our revenge!" So they swore one and all, that they would take the life of any girl who should cross their path.

They now thought it safer to go farther into the wood, and when they had made their way to where the trees were thickest and the shade deepest, they suddenly came upon a little empty house, that had been raised by the magic of some good or evil fairy.

"Oh!" they cried, "this is just the place for us to live in; you, Benjamin, as you are the youngest and weakest, must stay at home and keep house, while we go and look for provisions."

So the elder brothers went into the wood, and there they found plenty of game to shoot: wild deer, hares. pigeons and other birds, as well as many other things that were good for food. When they had finished their day's sport, they went home, and then it was Benjamin's turn to busy himself with preparing and cooking the food, and glad enough they were of a meal, for by this time they were all very hungry. In this way they lived on in the little house for ten years, and the time passed so quickly that the brothers never found it long.

Meanwhile, the little daughter who had been born at the castle, was growing up. She was good at heart and beautiful in face, and had a gold star on her forehead.

One day about this time, she happened to catch sight of twelve little shirts which were lying among some of her mother's things.

"Mother," she said, "to whom do those shirts belong? for they are too small for my father to wear."

It was with a heavy heart that the poor mother answered. "Those shirts, dear child, belong to your twelve brothers."

"My twelve brothers," cried the girl, "why I never even heard of them. Where are they now?"

"God alone knows," replied her mother, "but they are wandering somewhere about the world."

Then she took her little daughter to the room where the coffins were hidden, and unlocking the door, shewed them to her, and said, "These were meant for your brothers, but they ran away and escaped," and she related to her all that had happened before she was born.

"Dear mother," said the girl, "do not weep; I will go and try to find my brothers."

So she took the twelve shirts and started through the wood in search of them. On and on she went all through the day, and as the evening fell she came to the little house. She stepped in, and there she found a young boy, who looked with astonishment at this beautiful girl, who was dressed like a princess and had a gold star on her forehead. "Whence come you?" he asked, "and what are you seeking?"

"I am a king's daughter," she answered, "and I am seeking my twelve brothers; and as far as the blue sky reaches overhead, will I wander till I find them," and she shewed him the twelve shirts. Then Benjamin knew that it was his sister. "I am Benjamin," he cried, "your youngest brother," and at this, they were both so overcome with delight, that they began to cry for joy, and kissed and embraced one another.

At last Benjamin said: "There is one thing that troubles me; my brothers and I were so angry at being driven out of our kingdom on account of a girl, that we made a vow to kill every girl whom we met."

"I would gladly die," said his sister, "if by so doing I could restore my dear brothers to their home."

"No, no, you shall not die," cried Benjamin, "hide yourself under this tub, and when the others return, I will soon come to an understanding with them."

The sister did as she was bid, and as soon as it was dark, in came the brothers from hunting.

They sat down to their supper, and while eating and drinking, asked, "Well, Benjamin, what news have you to tell us?"

"Have you yourselves heard nothing," said Benjamin.

"Nothing," they replied.

"That is strange," continued Benjamin, "for you have been out all day, and I have only been in the house, and yet I know more than you."

"What is it?" they all cried at once, "tell us what it is."

"Only on condition," said Benjamin, "that you promise me not to kill the first girl you see."

"We promise, we promise; she shall find mercy at our hands," they all cried again, "only let us hear your news."

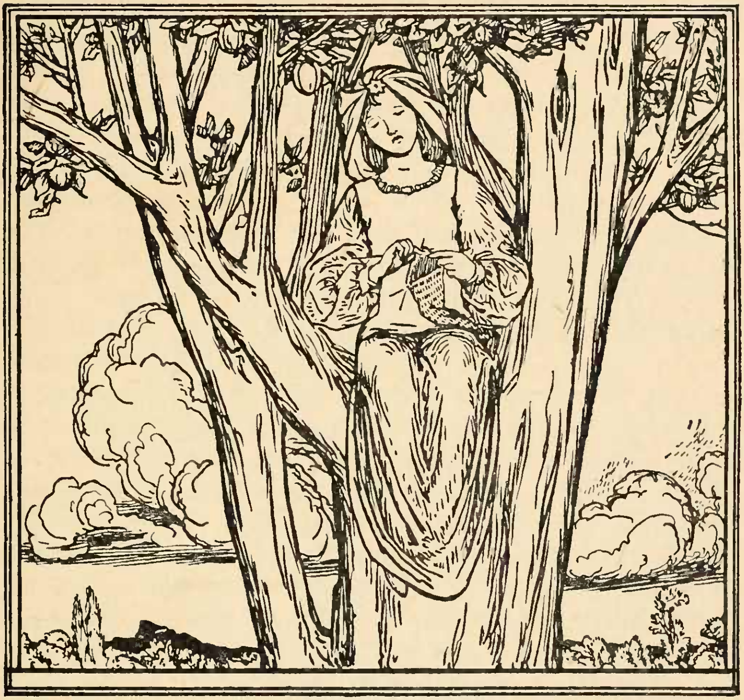
Benjamin went to the tub, and, lifting it up, said, "Our sister is here," and the king's daughter stepped forth in her royal attire, with the gold star on her forehead, and stood before them full of tenderness, grace, and beauty. When the brothers saw her, they greatly loved her, and came about her and kissed her, and there was great rejoicing among them.

So now the sister stayed at home with Benjamin and helped him in the house, while the others continued to hunt in the wood for game. Among other things, she gathered the wood for cooking, and the herbs for vegetables, and put the pots and kettles on the fire, so that there might always be food ready for her brothers when they came in. She kept the house in beautiful order, and made the little beds look sweet and clean with pretty white covers, and altogether it was no wonder that the brothers were very happy and comfortable, and that they all lived together in great peace and contentment.

One day, the two who stayed at home had prepared a dainty meal, and as soon as they were all assembled they sat down to the table, happy and in good spirits. Now there was a little garden belonging to the house in which grew twelve tall lily plants. The sister went out to pick the lilies, for she thought it would please her brothers to give them each a flower as they sat at table. But scarcely was the last one gathered, when her brothers were suddenly changed into twelve ravens, that flew right away over the trees, and in the same moment both the house and garden entirely disappeared. There was the poor girl, left alone in the wild wood; turning, however, to look around her, she saw an old woman standing near, who said, "My child, what is this that you have done? Why did you not leave those twelve white lilies untouched? Those were your brothers, who are now from this time forth, turned into ravens." The girl asked weeping, "Is there nothing that I can do to set them free?"

"Nothing," replied the old woman, "there is one way only in all the world by which they might be saved, but that would be far too hard a task for you to perform, for you would have to remain dumb for seven years, never either speaking or laughing, and if, when there were only a few minutes wanting to complete the seven years, you were to utter a single word, all your past endeavour would be in vain, and with that one word you would have killed your brothers."

The girl was silent, but in her heart she said, "I will



set my dear brothers free; I know that I shall be able to do it."

Then she went and chose out a high tree, and there among its topmost branches she sat and span, and neither spoke nor laughed.

Now it happened, one day, that a king was out hunting in the wood. He had a large greyhound with him, and the dog ran up to the tree whereon the girl was sitting and began leaping about and looking up at her and barking. Then the king came along, and he too looked up and saw the beautiful princess with the gold star on her forehead, and he was so enchanted with her beauty that he called to her to ask if she would be his wife. She did not speak a word, but gave a little nod with her head. Then the king climbed up into the tree himself and carried her down, and lifting her on to his own horse, bore her away to his home.

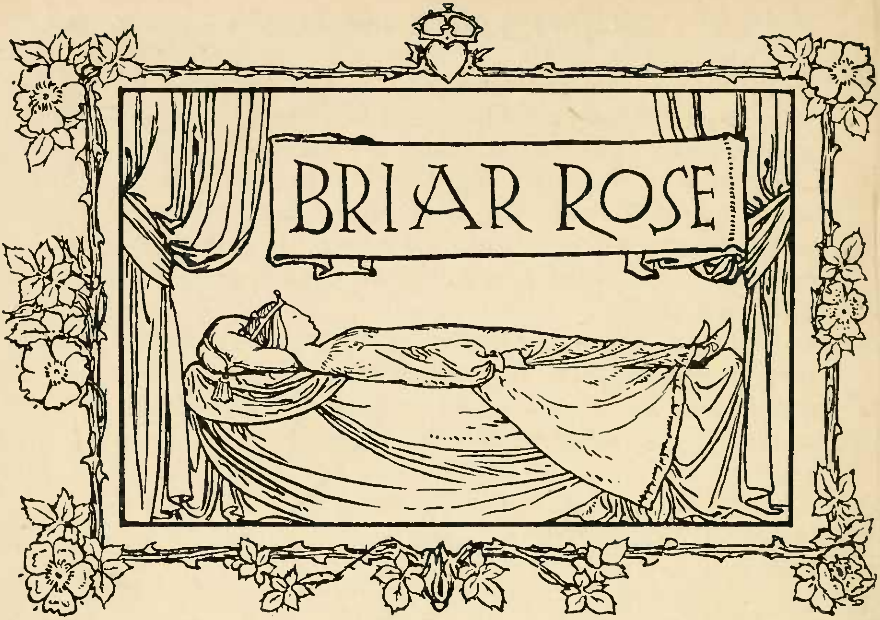
The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and amid great rejoicings, but the bride neither spoke nor laughed.

They had been living happily together for some years, when the king's mother, who was a bad-hearted woman, began to say wicked things about the young queen. "That woman you brought home with you," she said to the king, "is nothing but a common beggar-maid; who knows what evil tricks she may be up to in secret. Even if she is dumb and cannot speak, at least she must be able to laugh, and you know it is said that those who never laugh have a bad conscience." At first the king would not believe any of the things that were said against his wife; but the old mother gave him no peace, accusing the queen first of one wicked thing and then another, until he allowed himself at last to be persuaded of her guilt, and condemned her to death. But the king still dearly loved his wife, and he stood looking out of his window and weeping, while the fire was being kindled in the courtyard, where the young queen was to be burnt.

The queen had been tied to the stake; and now the last moment of the seven years came just as the angry tongues of the fire were beginning to play about her dress. Then there was heard in the air above a rushing sound as of wings, and twelve ravens came flying down, and no sooner had they alighted on the ground, than behold! there were her twelve brothers whom she had set free. They scattered the fire and trampled on the flames, and showered kisses and loving words upon their sister as they untied her from the stake.

And now that she might speak, she was able to tell the king why she had been dumb and had never laughed. And he was rejoiced when he heard her tale and knew that she was guiltless, and they all lived happily together for ever after.

But the wicked old mother-in-law was taken before the judge and tried, and he condemned her to be put in a vat of boiling oil, in which there were poisonous snakes, and so she died a miserable death.



BRIAR ROSE

A KING and queen once upon a time reigned in a country a great way off, where there were in those days fairies. Now this king and queen had plenty of money, and plenty of fine clothes to wear, and plenty of good things to eat and drink, and a coach to ride out in every day: but though they had been married many years they had no children, and this grieved them very much indeed. But one day as the queen was walking by the side of the river, at the bottom of the garden, she saw a poor little fish, that had thrown itself out of the water, and lay gasping and nearly dead on the bank. Then the queen took pity on the little fish, and threw it back again into the river; and before it swam away it lifted its head out of the water and said, "I know what your wish is, and it shall be fulfilled, in return for your kindness to me—you will soon have a daughter." What the little fish had foretold soon came to pass; and the queen had a little girl, so very beautiful that the king could not cease looking on it for joy, and said he would hold a great feast and make merry, and show the child to all the land. So he asked his kinsmen, and nobles, and friends, and neighbours. But the queen said, "I will have the fairies also, that they might be kind and good to our little daughter." Now there were thirteen fairies in the kingdom; but as the king and queen had only twelve golden dishes for them to eat out of, they were forced to leave one of the fairies without asking her. So twelve fairies came, each with a high red cap on her head, and red shoes with high heels on her feet, and a long white wand in her hand: and after the feast was over they gathered round in a ring and gave all their best gifts to the little princess. One gave her goodness, another beauty, another riches, and so on till she had all that was good in the world.

Just as eleven of them had done blessing her, a great noise was heard in the courtyard, and word was brought that the thirteenth fairy was come, with a black cap on her head, and black shoes on her feet, and a broomstick in her hand: and presently up she came into the dining-hall. Now as she had not been asked to the feast she was very angry, and scolded the king and queen very much, and set to work to take her revenge. So she cried out, "The king's daughter shall, in her fifteenth year, be wounded by a spindle, and fall down dead." Then the twelfth of the friendly fairies, who had not yet given her gift, came forward, and said that the evil wish must be fulfilled, but that she could soften its mischief; so her gift was, that the king's daughter, when the spindle wounded her, should not really die, but should only fall asleep for a hundred years.

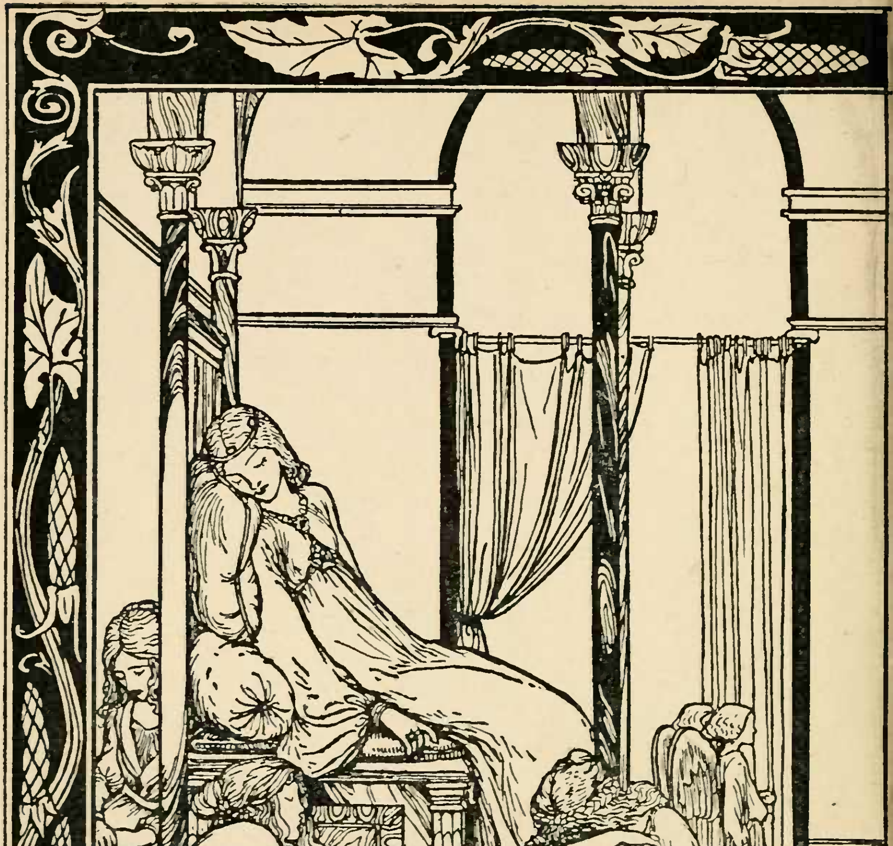
However, the king hoped still to save his dear child altogether from the threatened evil; so he ordered that all the spindles in the kingdom should be bought up and burnt. But all the gifts of the first eleven fairies were in the meantime fulfilled; for the princess was so beautiful, and well-behaved, and good, and wise, that every one who knew her loved her.

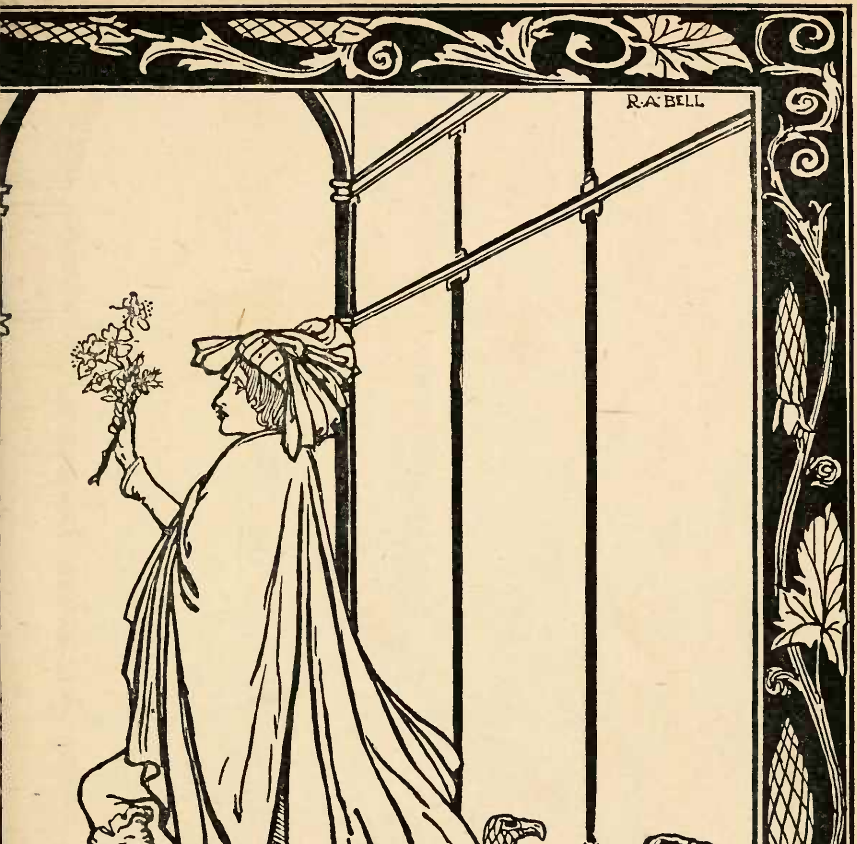
It happened that, on the very day she was fifteen years old, the king and queen were not at home; and she was left alone in the palace. So she roved about by herself, and looked at all the rooms and chambers; till at last she came to an old tower, to which there was a narrow staircase ending with a little door. In the door there was a golden key, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there sat an old lady spinning away very busily. "Why, how now, good mother," said the princess, "what are you doing there?" "Spinning," said the old lady, and nodded her head; humming a tune, while buzz! went the wheel. "How prettily that little thing turns round!" said the princess, and took the spindle and began to try and spin. But scarcely had she touched it, before the fairy's prophecy was fulfilled; the spindle wounded her, and she fell down lifeless on the ground.

However, she was not dead, but had only fallen into a deep sleep; and the king and the queen, who just then came home, and all their court, fell asleep too; and the horses slept in the stables, and the dogs in the court, the pigeons on the house-top, and the very flies slept upon the walls. Even the fire on the hearth left off blazing, and went to sleep; the jack

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
L


BRIAR


R·A·BELL
ROSE

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
C

stopped, and the spit that was turning about with a goose upon it for the king's dinner stood still; and the cook, who was at that moment pulling the kitchen-boy by the hair to give him a box on the ear for something he had done amiss, let him go, and both fell asleep; the butler, who was slily tasting the ale, fell asleep with the jug at his lips: and thus everything stood still, and slept soundly.

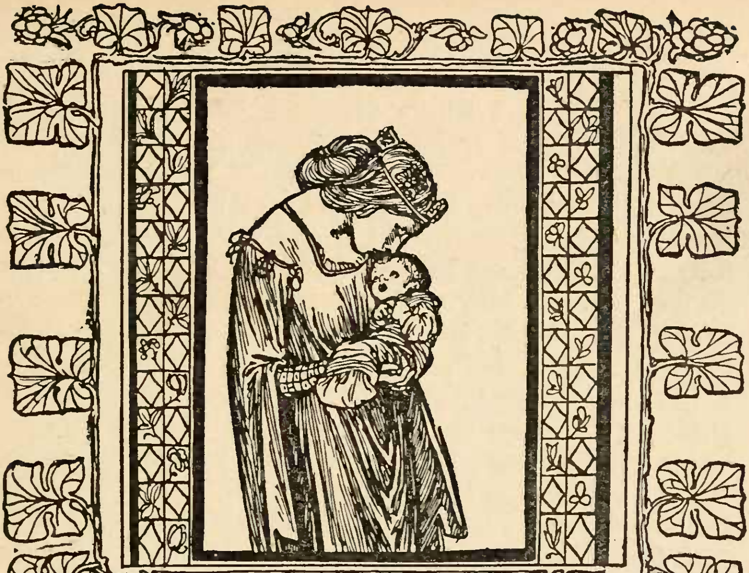
A large hedge of thorns soon grew round the palace, and every year it became higher and thicker; till at last the old palace was surrounded and hidden, so that not even the roof or the chimneys could be seen. But there went a report through all the land of the beautiful sleeping Briar-Rose (for so the king's daughter was called): so that, from time to time, several kings' sons came, and tried to break through the thicket into the palace. This, however, none of them could ever do; for the thorns and bushes laid hold of them, as it were with hands; and there they stuck fast, and died wretchedly.

After many many years there came a king's son into that land: and an old man told him the story of the thicket of thorns; and how a beautiful palace stood behind it, and how a wonderful princess, called Briar-Rose, lay in it asleep, with all her court. He told, too, how he had heard from his grandfather that many many princes had come, and had tried to break through the thicket, but that they had all stuck fast in it, and died. Then the young prince said, "All this shall not frighten me, I will go and see this Briar-Rose." The old man tried to hinder him, but he was bent upon going.

Now that very day the hundred years were ended; and as the prince came to the thicket, he saw nothing but beautiful flowering shrubs, through which he went with ease, and they shut in after him as thick as ever. Then he came at last to the palace, and there in the court lay the dogs asleep; and the horses were standing in the stables; and on the roof sat the pigeons fast asleep, with their heads under their wings. And when he came into the palace, the flies were sleeping on the walls; the spit was standing still; the butler had the jug of ale at his lips, going to drink a draught; the maid sat with a fowl in her lap ready to be plucked; and the cook in the kitchen was still holding up her hand, as if she was going to beat the boy.

Then he went on still further, and all was so still that he could hear every breath he drew; till at last he came to the old tower, and opened the door of the little room in which Briar-Rose was; and there she lay, fast asleep on a couch by the window. She looked so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her, so he stooped down and gave her a kiss. But the moment he kissed her she opened her eyes and awoke, and smiled upon him; and they went out together; and soon the king and queen also awoke, and all the court, and gazed on each other with great wonder. And the horses shook themselves, and the dogs jumped up and barked; the pigeons took their heads from under their wings, and looked about and flew into the fields; the flies on the walls buzzed again; the fire in the kitchen blazed up; round went the jack, and round went the spit, with the goose for the king's dinner upon it; the butler finished his draught of ale; the maid went on plucking the fowl; and the cook gave the boy the box on his ear.

And then the prince and Briar-Rose were married, and the wedding feast was given; and they lived happily together all their lives long.



THE RAVEN

There was once a queen who had a little daughter, still too young to run alone. One day the child was very troublesome, and the mother could not quiet it, do what she would. She grew impatient, and seeing the ravens flying round the castle, she opened the window, and said: "I wish you were a raven and would fly away, then I should have a little peace." Scarcely were the words out of her mouth, when the child in her arms was turned into a raven, and flew away from her through the open window. The bird took its flight to a dark wood and remained there for a long time, and meanwhile the parents could hear nothing of their child.

Long after this, a man was making his way through the wood when he heard a raven calling, and he followed the sound of the voice. As he drew near, the raven said, "I am by birth a King's daughter, but am now under the spell of some enchantment; you can, however, set me free." "What am I to do?" he asked. She replied, "Go further into the wood until you come to a house, wherein lives an old woman; she will offer you food and drink, but you must not take of either; if you do, you will fall into a deep sleep, and will not be able to help me. In the garden behind the house is a large tan-heap, and on that you must stand and watch for me. I shall drive there in my carriage at two o'clock in the afternoon for three successive days; the first day it will be drawn by four white, the second by four chestnut, and the last by four black horses; but if you fail to keep awake and I find you sleeping, I shall not be set free."

The man promised to do all that she wished, but the raven said, "Alas! I know even now that you will take something from the woman and be unable to save me." The man assured her again that he would on no account touch a thing to eat or drink.

When he came to the house and went inside, the old woman met him, and said, "Poor man! how tired you are! Come in and rest and let me give you something to eat and drink."

"No," answered the man, "I will neither eat nor drink."

But she would not leave him alone, and urged him, saying, "If you will not eat anything, at least you might take a draught of wine; one drink counts for nothing," and at last he allowed himself to be persuaded, and drank.

As it drew towards the appointed hour, he went outside into the garden and mounted the tan-heap to await the raven. Suddenly a feeling of fatigue came over him, and unable to resist it, he lay down for a little while, fully determined, however, to keep awake; but in another minute, his eyes closed of their own accord, and he fell into such a deep sleep, that all the noises in the world would not have awakened him. At two o'clock the raven came driving along, drawn by her four white horses; but even before she reached the spot, she said to herself, sighing, "I know he has fallen asleep." When she entered the garden, there she found him as she had feared, lying on the tan-heap, fast asleep. She got out of her carriage and went to him; she called him and shook him, but it was all in vain, he still continued sleeping.

The next day at noon, the old woman came to him again with food and drink, which he at first refused. At last, overcome by her persistent entreaties that he would take something, he lifted the glass and drank again.

Towards two o'clock he went into the garden and on to the tan-heap to watch for the raven. He had not been there long before he began to feel so tired that his limbs seemed hardly able to support him, and he could not stand upright any longer; so again he lay down and fell fast asleep. As the raven drove along with her four chestnut horses, she said sorrowfully to herself, "I know he has fallen asleep." She went as before to look for him, but he slept, and it was impossible to awaken him.

The following day the old woman said to him, "What is this? You are not eating or drinking anything, do you want to kill yourself?"

He answered, "I may not and will not either eat or drink."

But she put down the dish of food and the glass of wine in front of him, and when he smelt the wine, he was unable to resist the temptation, and took a deep draught.

When the hour came round again he went as usual on to the tan-heap in the garden to await the King's daughter, but he felt even more overcome with weariness than on the two previous days, and throwing himself down, he slept like a log. At two o'clock the raven could be seen approaching, and this time her coachman and everything about her, as well as her horses, were black.

She was sadder than ever as she drove along, and said mournfully, "I know he has fallen asleep, and will not be able to set me free." She found him sleeping heavily, and all her efforts to awaken him were of no avail. Then she placed beside him a loaf, some meat, and a flask of wine, of such a kind, that however much he took of them, they would never grow less. After that she drew a gold ring, on which her name was engraved, off her finger, and put it upon one of his. Finally, she laid a letter near him, in which, after giving him particulars of the food and drink she had left for him, she finished with the following words: "I see that as long as you remain here you will never be able to set me free; if, however, you still wish to do so, come to the golden castle of Stromberg; this is well within your power to accomplish." She then returned to her carriage and drove to the golden castle of Stromberg.

When the man awoke and found that he had been sleeping, he was grieved at heart, and said, "She has no doubt been here and driven away again, and it is now too late for me to save her." Then his eyes fell on the things which were lying beside him; he read the letter, and knew from it all that had happened. He rose up without delay, eager to start on his way and to reach the castle of Stromberg, but he had no idea in which direction he ought to go. He travelled about a long time in search of it and came at last to a dark forest, through which he went on walking for fourteen days and still could not find a way out. Once more the night came on, and worn out, he lay down under a bush and fell asleep.

Again the next day he pursued his way through the forest, and that evening, thinking to rest again, he lay down as before, but he heard such a howling and wailing that he found it impossible to sleep. He waited till it was darker and people had begun to light up their houses, and then seeing a little glimmer ahead of him, he went towards it.

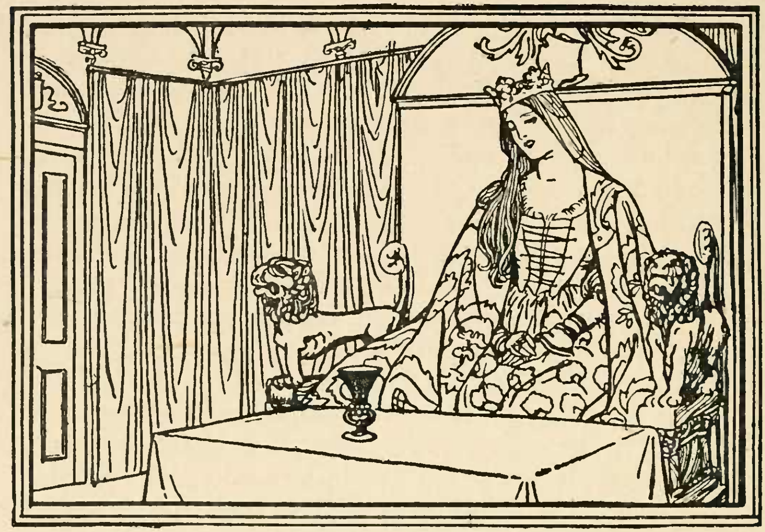
He found that the light came from a house which looked smaller than it really was, from the contrast of its height with that of an immense giant who stood in front of it. He thought to himself, "If the giant sees me going in, my life will not be worth much." However, after a while he summoned up courage and went forward. When the giant saw him, he called out, "It is lucky for me that you have come, for I have not had anything to eat for a long time. I can have you now for my supper." "I would rather you let that alone," said the man, "for I do not willingly give myself up to be eaten; if you are wanting food I have enough to satisfy your hunger." "If that is so," replied the giant, "I will leave you in peace; I only thought of eating you because I had nothing else."

So they went indoors together and sat down, and the man brought out the bread, meat, and wine, which although he had eaten and drunk of them, were still unconsumed. The giant was pleased with the good cheer, and eat and drank to his heart's content. When he had finished his supper the man asked him if could direct him to the castle of Stromberg. The giant said, "I will look on my map; on it are marked all the towns, villages, and houses." So he fetched his map, and looked for the castle, but could not find it. "Never mind," he said, "I have larger maps upstairs in the cupboard, we will look on those," but they searched in vain, for the castle was not marked even on these. The man now thought he should like to continue his journey, but the giant begged him to remain for a day or two longer until the return of his brother, who was away in search of provisions. When the brother came home, they asked him about the castle of Stromberg, and he told them he would look on his own maps as soon as he had eaten and appeased his hunger. Accordingly, when he had finished his supper, they all went up together to his room and looked through his maps, but the castle was not to be found. Then he fetched other older maps, and they went on looking for the castle until at last they found it, but it was many thousand miles away. "How shall I be able to get there?" asked the man. "I have two hours to spare," said the giant, "and I will carry you into the neighbourhood of the castle; I must then return to look after the child who is in our care."

The giant, thereupon, carried the man to within about a hundred leagues of the castle, where he left him, saying, "You will be able to walk the remainder of the way yourself." The man journeyed on day and night till he reached the golden castle of Stromberg. He found it situated, however, on a glass mountain, and looking up from the foot he saw the enchanted maiden drive round her castle and then go inside. He was overjoyed to see her, and longed to get to the top of the mountain, but the sides were so slippery that every time he attempted to climb he fell back again. When he saw that it was impossible to reach her, he was greatly grieved, and said to himself, "I will remain here and wait for her," and so he built himself a little hut, and there he sat and watched for a whole year, and every day he saw the King's daughter driving round her castle, but still was unable to get nearer to her.

Looking out from his hut one day he saw three robbers fighting, and he called out to them, "God be with you." They stopped when they heard the call, but looking round and seeing nobody, they went on again with their fighting, which now became more furious. "God be with you," he cried again, and again they paused and looked about, but seeing no one went back to their fighting. A third time he called out, "God be with you," and then thinking he should like to know the cause of dispute between the three men, he went out and asked them why they were fighting so angrily with one another. One of them said that he had found a stick, and that he had but to strike it against any door through which he wished to pass, and it immediately flew open. Another told him that he had found a cloak which rendered its wearer invisible; and the third had caught a horse which would carry its rider over any obstacle, and even up the glass mountain. They had been unable to decide whether they would keep together and have the things in common, or whether they would separate. On hearing this, the man said, "I will give you something in exchange for those three things; not money, for that I have not got, but something that is of far more value. I must first, however, prove whether all you have told me about your three things is true." The robbers, therefore, made him get on the horse, and handed him the stick and the cloak, and when he had put this round him he was no longer visible. Then he fell upon them with the stick and beat them one after another, crying, "There, you idle vagabonds, you have got what you deserve; are you satisfied now!"

After this he rode up the glass mountain. When he reached the gate of the castle, he found it closed, but he gave it a blow with his stick, and it flew wide open at



once and he passed through. He mounted the steps and entered the room where the maiden was sitting, with a golden goblet full of wine in front of her. She could not see him, for he still wore his cloak. He took the ring which she had given him off his finger, and threw it into the goblet, so that it rang as it touched the bottom. "That is my own ring," she exclaimed, "and if that is so the man must also be here who is coming to set me free."

She sought for him about the castle, but could find him nowhere. Meanwhile he had gone outside again and mounted his horse and thrown off the cloak. When therefore she came to the castle gate she saw him, and cried aloud for joy. Then he dismounted and took her in his arms; and she kissed him, and said, "Now you have indeed set me free, and to-morrow we will celebrate our marriage."

At this sight she was sadly frightened, and shutting the door as fast as she could came back to her seat. The king, her father, seeing that something had frightened her, asked her what was the matter. "There is a nasty frog," said she, "at the door, that lifted my ball for me out of the spring this morning: I told him that he should live with me here, thinking that he could never get out of the spring; but there he is at the door, and he wants to come in."

While she was speaking the frog knocked again at the door, and said—

"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love here!
And mind the words that thou and I said
By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade."

Then the king said to the young princess, "As you have given your word you must keep it; so go and let him in." She did so, and the frog hopped into the room, and then straight on—tap, tap—plash, plash—from the bottom of the room to the top, till he came up close to the table where the princess sat. "Pray lift me upon a chair," said he to the princess, "and let me sit next to you." As soon as she had done this, the frog said, "Put your plate nearer to me, that I may eat out of it." This she did, and when he had eaten as much as he could, he said, "Now I am tired; carry me up stairs, and put me into your bed." And the princess, though very unwilling, took him up in her hand, and put him upon the pillow of her own bed, where he slept all night long. As soon as it was light he jumped up, hopped down stairs, and went out of the house. "Now, then," thought the princess, "at last he is gone, and I shall be troubled with him no more."

But she was mistaken; for when night came again she heard the same tapping at the door; and the frog came once more, and said—

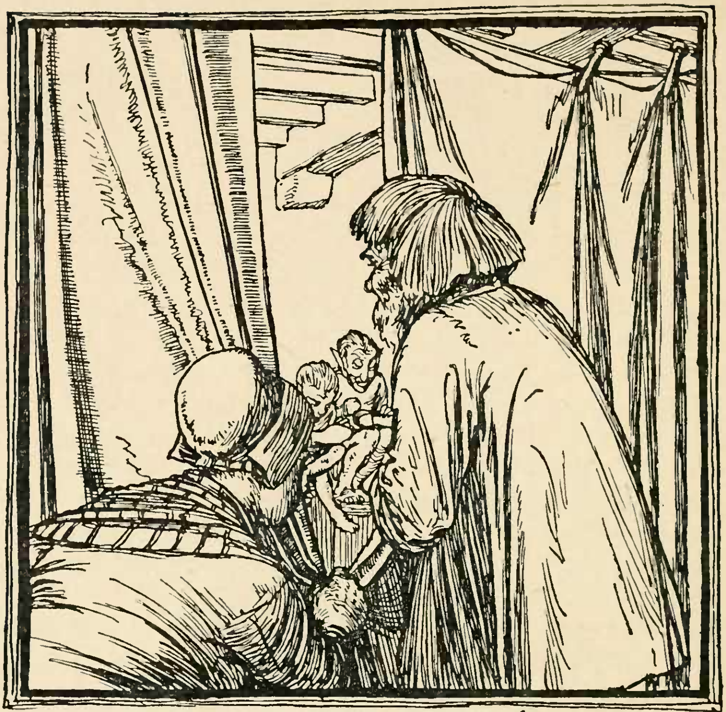
"Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door to thy true love here!
And mind the words that thou and I said
By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade."

And when the princess opened the door the frog came in, and slept upon her pillow as before, till the morning broke. And the third night he did the same. But when the princess awoke on the following morning she was astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome prince, gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen, and standing at the head of her bed.

He told her that he had been enchanted by a spiteful fairy, who had changed him into a frog; and that he had been fated so to abide till some princess should take him out of the spring, and let him eat from her plate, and sleep upon her bed for three nights. "You," said the prince, "have broken this cruel charm, and now I have nothing to wish for but that you should go with me into my father's kingdom, where I will marry you, and love you as long as you live."

The young princess, you may be sure, was not long in saying "Yes" to all this; and as they spoke a gay coach drove up, with eight beautiful horses, decked with plumes of feathers and golden harness; and behind the coach rode the prince's servant, faithful Heinrich, who had bewailed the misfortunes of his dear master during his enchantment so long and so bitterly, that his heart had well-nigh burst.

They then took leave of the king, and got into the coach with eight horses, and all set out, full of joy and merriment, for the prince's kingdom, which they reached safely; and there they lived happily a great many years.



THE ELVES AND THE COBBLER

There was once a cobbler, who worked very hard and was very honest: but still he could not earn enough to live upon; and at last all he had in the world was gone, save just leather enough to make one pair of shoes.

Then he cut his leather out, all ready to make up the next day, meaning to rise early in the morning to his work.

His conscience was clear and his heart light amidst all his troubles; so he went peaceably to bed, left all his cares to Heaven, and soon fell asleep. In the morning after he had said his prayers, he sat himself down to his work; when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes all ready made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think at such an odd thing happening. He looked at the workmanship; there was not one false stitch in the whole job; all was so neat and true, that it was quite a masterpiece.

The same day a customer came in, and the shoes suited him so well that he willingly paid a price higher than usual for them; and the poor shoemaker, with the money, bought leather enough to make two pair more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early, that he might get up and begin betimes next day; but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was done ready to his hand. Soon in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pair more. He cut out the work again over-night and found it done in the morning, as before; and so it went on for some time: what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and well off again.

One evening, about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, "I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning, and hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what should happen.

As soon as it was midnight, there came in two little naked dwarfs; and they sat themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate, that the shoemaker was all wonder, and could not take his eyes off them. And on they went, till the job was quite done, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

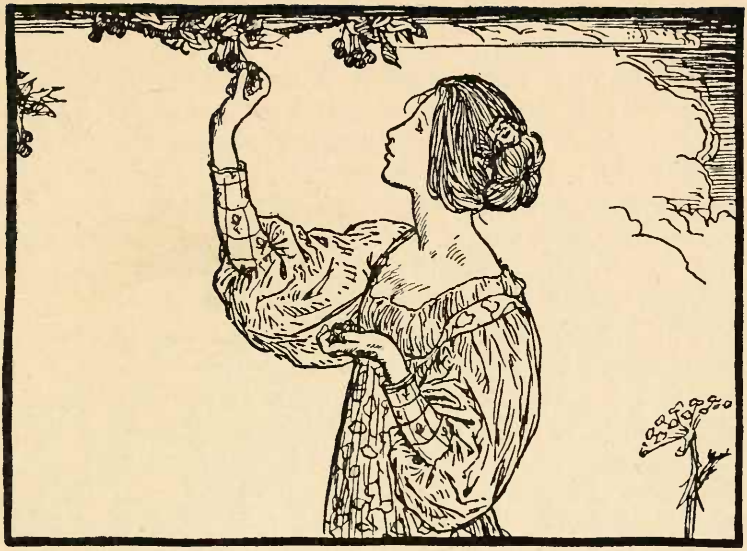
The next day the wife said to the shoemaker, "These little wights have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a good turn if we can. I am quite sorry to see them run about as they do; and indeed it is not very decent, for they have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I'll tell you what, I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons into the bargain; and do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the good cobbler very much; and one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table, instead of the work that they used to cut out, and then went and hid themselves, to watch what the little elves would do.

About midnight in they came, dancing and skipping, hopped round the room, and then went to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and chuckled, and seemed mightily delighted.

Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about, as merry as could be; till at last they danced out at the door, and away over the green.

The good couple saw them no more; but every thing went well with them from that time forward, as long as they lived.



Cherry The Frog-Bride.

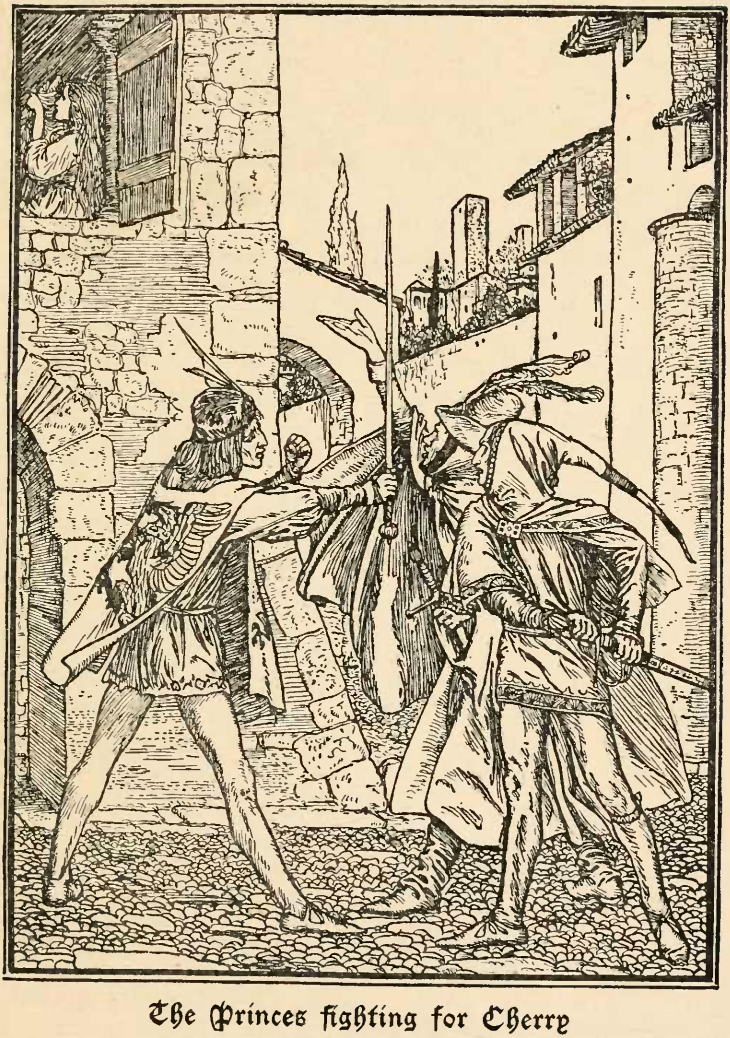
There was once a king who had three sons. Not far from his kingdom lived an old woman, who had an only daughter called Cherry. The king sent his sons out to see the world, that they might learn the ways of other lands, and get wisdom and skill in ruling the kingdom, which they were one day to have for their own. But the old woman lived at peace at home with her daughter, who was called Cherry, because she liked cherries better than any other kind of food, and would eat scarcely anything else.

Now her poor old mother had no garden, and no money to buy cherries every day for her daughter. And at last she was tempted by the sight of some in a neighbouring garden to go in and beg a few of the gardener. But, as ill-luck would have it, the mistress of the garden was as fond of the fruit as Cherry was, and she soon found out that all the best were gone, and was not a little angry at their loss. Now she was a fairy too, though Cherry's mother did not know it, and could tell in a moment who she had to thank for the loss of her dessert. So she vowed to be even with Cherry one of these days.

The princes, while wandering on, came one day to the town where Cherry and her mother lived; and as they passed along the street, saw the fair maiden standing at the window, combing her long and beautiful locks of hair.

Then each of the three fell deeply in love with her, and began to say how much he longed to have her for his wife! Scarcely had the wish been spoken, than each broke out into a great rage with the others, for wanting to have poor Cherry, who could only be wife to one of them. At last all drew their swords, and a dreadful battle began. The fight lasted long, and their rage grew hotter and hotter, when at length the old fairy, to whom the garden belonged, hearing the uproar, came to her gate to know what was the matter. Finding that it was all about her fair neighbour, her old spite for the loss of the cherries broke forth at once, worse than ever. "Now then," said she, "I will have my revenge"; and in her rage she wished Cherry turned into an ugly frog, and sitting in the water, under the bridge at the world's end. No sooner said than done; and poor Cherry became a frog, and vanished out of their sight. The princes now had nothing to fight for; so, sheathing their swords again, they shook hands as brothers, and went on towards their father's home.

The old king meanwhile found that he grew weak, and



The Princes fighting for Cherry

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
L

ill-fitted for the business of reigning; so he thought of giving up his kingdom: but to whom should it be? This was a point that his fatherly heart could not settle; for he loved all his sons alike. "My dear children," said he, "I grow old and weak, and should like to give up my kingdom; but I cannot make up my mind which of you to choose for my heir, for I love you all three; and besides, I should wish to give my people the cleverest and best of you for their king. However, I will give you three trials, and the one who wins the prize shall have the kingdom. The first is to seek me out one hundred ells of cloth, so fine that I can draw it through my golden ring." The sons said they would do their best, and set out on the search.

The two elder brothers took with them many followers, and coaches and horses of all sorts, to bring home all the beautiful cloths which they should find; but the youngest went alone by himself. They soon came to where the roads branched off into several ways: two ran through smiling meadows, with smooth paths and shady groves, but the third looked dreary and dirty, and went over barren wastes. The two eldest chose the pleasant ways; but the youngest took his leave, and whistled along over the dreary road. Whenever fine linen was to be seen, the two elder brothers bought it, and bought so much that their coaches and horses bent under their burthen.

The youngest, on the other hand, journeyed on many a weary day, and could find no place where he could buy even one piece of cloth, that was at all fine and good. His heart sank beneath him, and every mile he grew more and more heavy and sorrowful.

At last he came to the bridge at the world's end; and there he sat himself down to rest and sigh over his bad luck, when an ugly-looking frog popped its head out of the water, and asked, with a voice that had not at all a harsh sound to his ears, what was the matter. The prince said in a pet, "Silly frog! thou canst not help me." "Who told you so?" said the frog; "tell me what ails you." The prince still sat down moping and sighing, but after a while he began to tell the whole story, and why his father had sent him out. "I will help you," said the frog; so it jumped into the stream again, and soon came back, dragging a small piece of linen not bigger than one's hand, and by no means the cleanest in the world in its look. However, there it was, and the frog told the prince to take it away with him. He had no great liking for such a dirty rag; but still there was something in the frog's speech that pleased him much, and he thought to himself, "It can do no harm, it is better than nothing;" so he picked it up, put it in his pocket, and thanked the frog, who dived down again, panting and quite tired, as it seemed, with its work. The further he went the heavier he found the pocket grow, and so he turned himself homewards, trusting greatly in his good luck.

He reached home nearly about the same time that his brothers came up, with their horses and coaches all heavily laden. Then the old king was very glad to see his children again, and pulled the ring off his finger to try who had done the best; but in all the stock that the two eldest had brought there was not one piece, a tenth part of which would go through the ring. At this they were greatly abashed; for they had made a laughing-stock of their brother, who came home, as they thought, empty-handed. But how great was their anger when they saw him pull from his pocket a piece, that for softness, beauty, and whiteness, was a thousand times better than anything that was ever before seen! It was so fine that it passed with ease through the ring; indeed, two such pieces would readily have gone in together. The father embraced the lucky youth, told his servants to throw the coarse linen into the sea, and said to his children, "Now you must set about the second task which I am to set you;—bring me home a little dog so small that it will lie in a nut-shell."

His sons were not a little frightened at such a task, but they all longed for the crown, and made up their minds to go and try their hands; and so after a few days they set out once more on their travels. At the cross-ways they parted as before; and the youngest chose his old dreary rugged road, with all the bright hopes that his former good luck gave him. Scarcely had he sat himself down again at the bridge foot when his old friend the frog jumped out, set itself beside him, and as before opened its big wide mouth, and croaked out, "What is the matter?" The prince had this time no doubt of the frog's power, and therefore told what he wanted. "It shall be done for you," said the frog; and springing into the stream it soon brought up a hazelnut, laid it at his feet, and told him to take it home to his father, and crack it gently, and then see what would happen. The prince went his way very well pleased, and the frog, tired with its task, jumped back into the water.

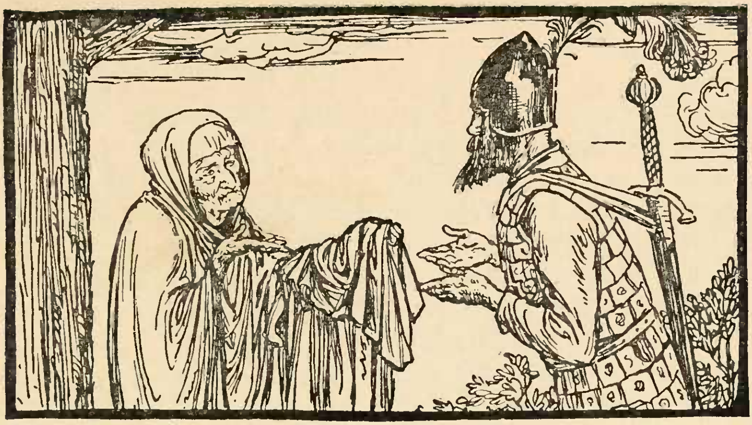
His brothers had reached home first, and brought with them a great many very pretty little dogs. There were Wag-tails, Cur-tails, and Bob-tails, Crops and Brushes, Spitzes and Sprightlies, Fans and Frisks, Diamonds and Dashes, enough to stock the bowers of all the fair ladies in the land. The old king, willing to help them all he could, sent for a large walnut-shell, and tried it with every one of the little dogs. But one stuck fast with the hind-foot out, another with the head out, and a third with the fore-foot, a fourth with its tail out—in short, some one way and some another; but none were at all likely to sit easily in this new kind of kennel. When all had been tried, the youngest made his father a dutiful bow, and gave him the hazel-nut, begging him to crack it very carefully. The moment this was done out ran a beautiful little white dog upon the king's hand; and it wagged its tail, bowed to and fondled its new master; and soon turned about and barked at the other little beasts in the most graceful manner, to the delight of the whole court; and then went back and lay down in its kennel without a bit of either tail, ear, or foot peeping out. The joy of every one was great; the old king again embraced his lucky son, told his people to drown all the other dogs in the sea, and said to his children, "Dear sons, your weightiest tasks are now over, listen to my last wish: whoever brings home the fairest lady shall be at once the heir to my crown."

The prize was so tempting, and the chance so fair for all, that none made any doubts about setting to work, each in his own way, to try and be the winner. The youngest was not in such good spirits as he was the last time; he thought to himself, "The old frog has been able to do a great deal for me, but all its power must be nothing to me now: for where should it find me a fair maiden, and a fairer maiden too than was ever seen at my father's court? The swamps where it lives have no living things in them but toads, snakes, and such vermin." Meantime he went on, and sighed as he sat down again with a heavy heart by the bridge. "Ah, frog!" said he, "this time thou canst do me no good." "Never mind," croaked the frog, "only tell me what is the matter now." Then the prince told his old friend what trouble had now come upon him. "Go thy ways home!" said the frog; "the fair maiden will follow hard after: but take care, and do not laugh at whatever may happen!" This said, it sprang as before into the water, and was soon out of sight.

The prince still sighed on, for he trusted very little this time to the frog's word; but he had not set many steps towards home before he heard a noise behind him, and looking round saw six large water-rats dragging along, at full trot, a large pumpkin cut out into the shape of a coach. On the box sat an old fat toad, as coachman; and behind stood two little frogs, as footmen; and two fine mice, with stately whiskers, ran on before, as outriders. Within sat his old friend the frog, rather misshapen and unseemly to be sure, but still with somewhat of a graceful air, as it bowed, and kissed its hand to him in passing.

The prince was much too deeply wrapt up in thought as to his chance of finding the fair lady whom he was seeking, to take any heed of the strange scene before him. He scarcely looked at it, and had still less mind to laugh. The coach passed on a little way, and soon turned a corner that hid it from his sight; but how astonished was he, on turning the corner himself, to find a handsome coach and six black horses standing there, with a coachman in gay livery, and with the most beautiful lady he had ever seen sitting inside! And who should this lady be but the long-lost Cherry, for whom his heart had so long ago panted, and whom he knew again the moment he saw her! As he came up, one of the footmen made him a low bow, as he let down the steps and opened the coach door; and he was allowed to get in, and seat himself by the beautiful lady's side.

They soon came to his father's city, where his brothers also came, with trains of fair ladies; but as soon as Cherry was seen, all the court, with one voice, gave the prize to her, as the most beautiful. The delighted father embraced his son, and named him the heir to his crown; and ordered all the other ladies to be sent to keep company with the little dogs. Then the prince married Cherry, and lived long and happily with her; and indeed lives with her still—if he be not dead.



The Dancing Shoes.

Over the seas and far away there is a fine country that neither you nor I, nor anybody else that we know, ever saw; but a very great king once reigned there who had no son at all, but had twelve most beautiful daughters. Now this king had no queen to help him to take care of all these twelve young ladies; and so you may well think that they gave him no little trouble. They slept in twelve beds, all in a row, in one room: and when they went to bed the king always went up, and shut and locked the door. But, for all this care that was taken of them, their shoes were every morning found to be quite worn through, as if they had been danced in all night; and yet nobody could find out how it happened, or where they could have been.

Then the king, you may be sure, was very angry at having to buy so many new shoes; and he made it known to all the land, that if anybody could find out where it was that the princesses danced in the night, he should have the one he liked best of the whole twelve for his wife, and should be king after his death; but that whoever tried, and could not, after three days and nights, make out the truth, should be put to death.

A king's son soon came. He was well lodged and fed, and in the evening was taken to the chamber next to the one where the princesses lay in their twelve beds. There he was to sit and watch where they went to dance; and in order that nothing might pass without his hearing it, the door of his chamber was left open. But the prince soon fell asleep; and when he awoke in the morning, he found that the princesses had all been dancing, for the soles of their shoes were full of holes. The same thing happened the second and third nights: so the king soon had this young gentleman's head cut off.

After him came many others; but they had all the same luck, and lost their lives in the same way.

Now it chanced that an old soldier, who had been wounded in battle, and could fight no longer, passed through this country; and as he was travelling through a wood, he met a little old woman, who asked him where he was going. "I hardly know where I am going, or what I had better do," said the soldier; "but I think I should like very well to find out where it is that these princesses dance, about whom people talk so much; and then I might have a wife, and in time I might be a king, which would be a mighty pleasant sort of a thing for me in my old days." "Well, well," said the old dame, nodding her head, "that is no very hard task: only take care not to drink the wine that one of the princesses will bring to you in the evening; and as soon as she leaves you, you must seem to fall fast asleep."

Then she gave him a cloak, and said, "As soon as you put that on you will become invisible; and you will then be able to follow the princesses wherever they go, without their being at all aware of it." When the soldier heard this he thought he would try his luck: so he went to the king, and said he was willing to undertake the task.

He was as well lodged as the others had been, and the king ordered fine royal robes to be given him; and when the evening came, he was led to the outer chamber. Just as he was going to lie down, the eldest of the princesses brought him a cup of wine; but the soldier slily threw it all away, taking care not to drink a drop. Then he laid himself down on his bed, and in a little while began to snore very loud, as if he was fast asleep. When the twelve princesses heard this they all laughed heartily; and the eldest said, "This fellow, too, might have done a wiser thing than lose his life in this way!" Then they rose up and opened their drawers and boxes, and took out all their fine clothes, and dressed themselves at the glass; and put on the twelve pair of new shoes that the king had just bought them, and skipped about as if they were eager to begin dancing. But the youngest said, "I don't know how it is, but though you are so happy, I feel very uneasy; I am sure some mischance will befall us." "You simpleton!" said the eldest, "you are always afraid; have you forgotten how many kings' sons have already watched us in vain? As for this soldier, he had one eye shut already, when he came into the room; and even if I had not given him his sleeping draught he would have slept soundly enough."

When they were all ready, they went and looked at the soldier; but he snored on, and did not stir hand or foot: so they thought they were quite safe; and the eldest went up to her own bed, and clapped her hands, and the bed sank into the floor, and a trap door flew open. The soldier saw them going down through the trap-door, one after another, the eldest leading the way; and thinking he had no time to lose, he jumped up, put on the cloak which the old fairy had given him, and followed them. In the middle of the stairs he trod on the gown of the youngest, and she cried out, "All is not right; some one took hold of my gown." "You silly thing!" said the eldest; "it was nothing but a nail in the wall."

Then down they all went, and then ran along a dark walk, till they came to a door; and there they found themselves in a most delightful grove of trees; and the leaves were all of silver, and glittered and sparkled beautifully. The soldier wished to take away some token of the place; so he broke off a little branch, and there came a loud noise from the tree. Then the youngest daughter said again, "I am sure all is not right: did not you hear that noise? That never happened before." But the eldest said, "It is only the princes, who are shouting for joy at our approach."

They soon came to another grove of trees, where all the leaves were of gold; and afterwards to a third, where the leaves were all glittering diamonds. And the soldier broke a branch from each; and every time there came a loud noise, that made the youngest sister shiver with fear: but the eldest still said, it was only the princes, who were shouting for joy. So they went on till they came to a great lake; and at the side of the lake there lay twelve little boats, with twelve handsome princes in them, waiting for the princesses.

One of the princesses went into each boat, and as the boats were very small the soldier hardly knew what to do. "My company will not be very agreeable to any of them," said he; "but, however, I must not be left behind": so he stepped into the same boat with the youngest. As they were rowing over the lake, the prince who was in the boat with the youngest princess and the soldier said, "I do not know how it is, but, though I am rowing with all my might, we get on very slowly, and I am quite tired: the boat seems very heavy to-day, especially at one end." "It is only the heat of the weather," said the princess; "I feel it very warm, too."

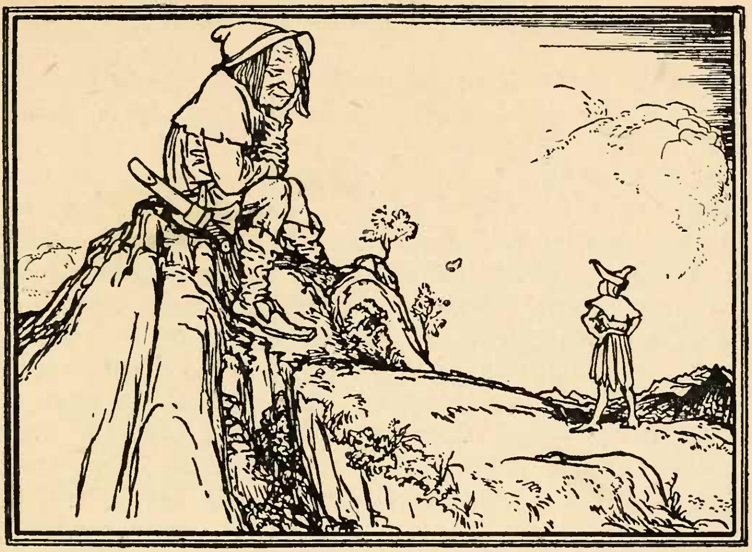
On the other side of the lake stood a fine illuminated castle, from which came the merry music of horns and trumpets. There they all landed, and went into the castle, and each prince danced with his princess; and the soldier, who was all the time invisible, danced with them too; and when any of the princesses had a cup of wine set by her, he drank it all up, so that when she put the cup to her mouth it was empty. At this, too, the youngest sister was sadly frightened; but the eldest always stopped her mouth. They danced on till three o'clock in the morning, and then all their shoes were worn out, so that they were forced to leave off. The princes rowed them back again over the lake; but this time the soldier sat himself in the boat by the eldest princess, and her friend too found it very hard work to row that night. On the other shore they all took leave, saying they would come again the next night.

When they came to the stairs, the soldier ran on before the princesses, and laid himself down; and as they came up slowly, panting for breath and very much tired, they heard him snoring in his bed, and said, "Now all is quite safe." Then they undressed themselves, put away their fine clothes, pulled off their shoes, and went to bed, and to sleep.

In the morning the soldier said nothing about what had happened, for he wished to see more of this sport. So he went again the second and third nights, and every thing happened just as before, the princesses dancing each time till their shoes were worn to pieces, and then going home tired; but the third night the soldier carried away one of the golden cups, as a token of where he had been.

On the morning of the fourth day he was ordered to appear before the king; so he took with him the three branches and the golden cup. The twelve princesses stood listening behind the door, to hear what he would say, laughing within themselves to think how cleverly they had taken him in, as well as all the rest who had watched them. Then the king asked him, "Where do my twelve daughters dance at night?" and the soldier said, "With twelve princes in a castle under ground." So he told the king all that had happened, and showed him the three branches and the golden cup, that he had brought with him. On this the king called for the princesses, and asked them whether what the soldier said was true or not; and when they saw they were found out, and that it was of no use to deny what had happened, they said it was all true.

Then the king asked the soldier which of them he would choose for his wife: and he said, "I am not very young, so I think I had better take the eldest." And they were married that very day, and the soldier in due time was heir to the kingdom, after the king his father-in-law died; but what became of the other eleven princesses, or of the twelve princes, I never heard.



The Brave Little Tailor.

It was a fine summer morning when Master Snip the tailor, who was a very little man, bound his girdle round his body, cocked his hat, took up his walking-stick, and looked about his house, to see if there was anything good that he could take with him on his journey into the wide world. He could only find a cheese; but that was better than nothing, so he took it off the shelf; and as he went out the old hen met him at the door, so he packed her too into his wallet with the cheese.

Then off he set, and as he climbed a high hill he saw a giant sitting on the top, who looked down upon him with a friendly smile. "Good day, comrade," said Snip; "there you sit at your ease like a gentleman, looking the wide world over; I have a mind to go and try my luck in that same world. What do you say to going with me?" Then the giant looked down, turned up his nose at him, and said, "You are a poor trumpery little knave!" "That may be," said the tailor; "but we shall see by and by who is the best man of the two."

The giant, finding the little man so bold, began to be somewhat more respectful, and said, "Very well, we shall soon see who is to be master." So he took up a large stone into his hand, and squeezed it till water dropped from it. "Do that," said he, "if you have a mind to be thought a strong man." "Is that all?" said the tailor; "I will soon do as much": so he put his hand into his wallet, pulled out of it the cheese (which was rather new), and squeezed it till the whey ran out. "What do you say now, Mr Giant? my squeeze was a better one than yours." Then the giant, not seeing that it was only a cheese, did not know what to say for himself, though he could hardly believe his eyes. At last he took up a stone, and threw it up so high that it went almost out of sight. "Now then, little pigmy, do that if you can." "Very good," said the other; "your throw was not a very bad one, but after all your stone fell to the ground: I will throw something that shall not fall at all." "That you can't do," said the giant. But the tailor took his old hen out of the wallet, and threw her up in the air; and she, pleased enough to be set free, flew away out of sight. "Now, comrade," said he, "what do you say to that?" "I say you are a clever hand," said the giant; "but we will now try how you can work."

Then he led him into the wood, where a fine oak-tree lay felled. "Come, let us drag it out of the wood together." "Oh, very well," said Snip: "do you take hold of the trunk, and I will carry all the top and the branches, which are much the largest and heaviest." So the giant took the trunk and laid it on his shoulder; but the cunning little rogue, instead of carrying any thing, sprang up and sat himself at his ease among the branches, and so let the giant carry stem, branches, and tailor into the bargain. All the way they went he made merry, and whistled and sang his song, as if carrying the tree were mere sport; while the giant, after he had borne it a good way, could carry it no longer, and said, "I must let it fall." Then the tailor sprang down, and held the tree as if he were carrying it, saying, "What a shame that such a big lout as you cannot carry a tree like this!"

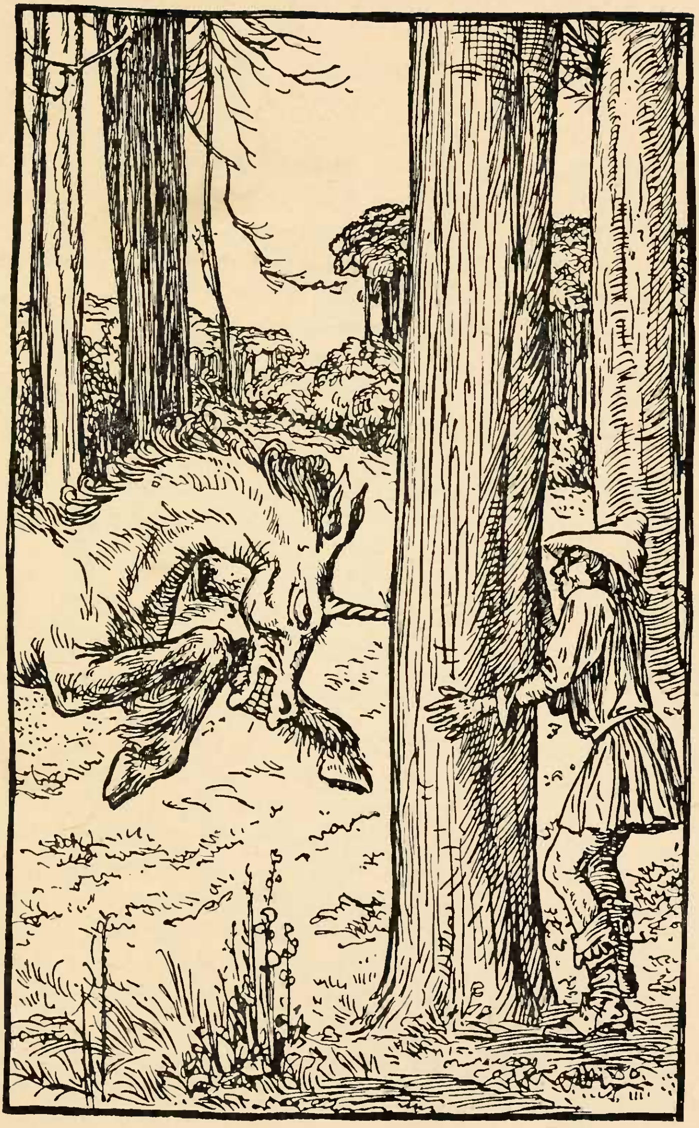
On they went together, till they came to a tall cherry-tree; the giant took hold of the top stem, and bent it down, to pluck the ripest fruit, and when he had done gave it over to his friend, that he too might eat. But the little man was so weak that he could not hold the tree down, and up he went with it, dangling in the air like a scarecrow. "Holla!" said the giant, "what now? can't you hold that twig?" "To be sure I could," said the other; "but don't you see that sportsman, who is going to shoot into the bush where we stood? I took a jump over the tree to be out of his way: you had better do the same." The giant tried to follow, but the tree was far too high to jump over, and he only stuck fast in the branches, for the tailor to laugh at him. "Well, you are a fine fellow after all," said the giant; "so come home and sleep with me and a friend of mine in the mountains to-night, we will give you a hot supper and a good bed."

The tailor had no business upon his hands, so he did as he was bid, and the giant gave him a good supper and a bed to sleep upon; but the tailor was too cunning to lie down upon the bed, and crept slily into a corner, and there slept soundly. When midnight came, the giant stepped softly in with his iron walking-stick, and gave such a stroke upon the bed, where he thought his guest was lying, that he said to himself, "It's all up now with that grasshopper; I shall have no more of his tricks."

In the morning the giants went off into the woods, and quite forgot Snip, till all on a sudden they met him trudging along, whistling a merry tune; and so frightened were they at the sight, that they both ran away as fast as they could.

Then on went the little tailor, following his spuddy nose, till at last he reached the king's court; and then he began to brag very loud of his mighty deeds, saying he was come to serve the king. To try him, they told him that the two giants, who lived in a part of the kingdom a long way off, were become the dread of the whole land; for they had begun to rob, plunder, and ravage all about them, and that if he was so great a man as he said, he should have a hundred soldiers, and should set out to fight these giants; and that if he beat them he should have half the kingdom. "With all my heart!" said he; "but as for your hundred soldiers, I believe I shall do as well without them."

However they set off together, till they came to a wood. "Wait here, my friends," said he to the soldiers. "I will soon give a good account of these giants": and on he went, casting his sharp little eyes, here, there, and everywhere around him. After a while he spied them both lying under a tree, and snoring away, till the very boughs whistled with the breeze. "The game's won,



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
L

for a ducat!" said the little man, as he filled his wallet with stones, and climbed up into the tree under which they lay.

As soon as he was safely up, he threw one stone after another at the nearest giant, till at last he woke up in a rage, and shook his companion, crying out, "What did you strike me for?" "Nonsense, you are dreaming," said the other, "I did not strike you." Then both lay down to sleep again, and the tailor threw a stone at the second giant, that hit him on the tip of his nose. Up he sprang, and cried, "What are you about? you struck me." "I did not," said the other; and on they wrangled for a while, till, as both were tired, they made up the matter and fell asleep again. But then the tailor began his game once more, and flung the largest stone he had in his wallet with all his force, and hit the first giant on the eye. "That is too bad," cried he, roaring as if he was mad, "I will not bear it." So he struck the other a mighty blow. He, of course, was not pleased with this, and gave him just such another box on the ear, and at last a bloody battle began; up flew the trees by the roots, the rocks and stones were sent bang at one another's head, and in the end both lay dead upon the spot. "It is a good thing," said the tailor, "that they let my tree stand, or I must have made a fine jump."

Then down he ran, and took his sword and gave each of them two or three very deep wounds on the breast, and set off to look for the soldiers. "There lie the giants," said he, "I have killed them: but it was no small job, for they even tore trees up in their struggle." "Have you any wounds?" asked they. "Wounds! that is a likely matter, truly," said he; "they could not touch a hair of my head." But the soldiers would not believe him till they rode into the wood, and found the giants weltering in their blood, and the trees lying around torn up by the roots.

The king, after he had got rid of his enemies, was not much pleased at the thoughts of giving up half his kingdom to a tailor. So he said, "You have not done yet; there is a unicorn running wild about the neighbouring woods and doing a great deal of damage, and before I give you my daughter, you must go after it and catch it, and bring it to me here alive."

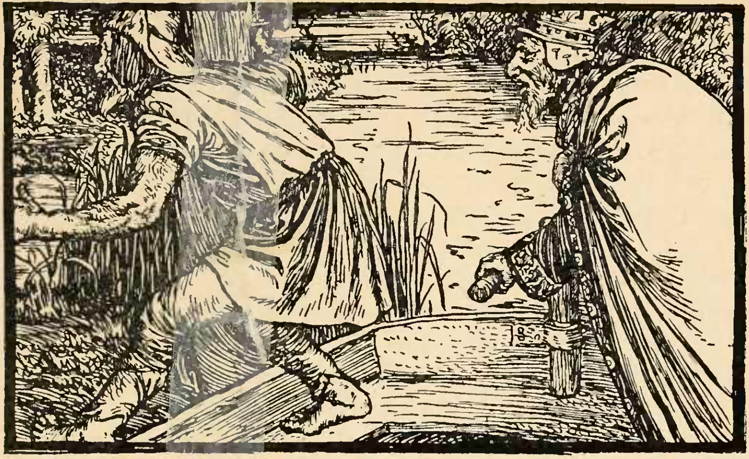
"After the two giants, I shall not have much to fear from a unicorn," said the tailor, and he started off, carrying with him an axe and a rope.

On reaching the wood he bade his followers wait on the outskirts while he went in by himself. It was not long before the unicorn came in sight and forthwith made a rush for the tailor, as if to run him through without more ado.

"Not quite so fast, not quite so fast," cried the little man, "gently does it," and he stood still until the animal was nearly upon him, and then sprang nimbly behind a tree. The unicorn now made a fierce leap towards the tree, and drove his horn into the trunk with such violence that he had not the strength to pull it out again, and so he remained caught.

"I have him safely now," said the tailor, and coming forward from behind the tree, he put the rope round the animal's neck, cut off the horn with his axe, and led him captive before the king.

After this further brave deed, the king could no longer help keeping his word; and thus a little man became a great one.



Giant Golden-Beard.

In a country village, over the hills and far away, lived a poor man, who had an only son born to him. Now this child was born under a lucky star, and was therefore what the people of that country call a Luck's-child; and those who told his fortune said, that in his fourteenth year he would marry no less a lady than the king's own daughter.

It so happened that the king of that land, soon after the child's birth, passed through the village in disguise, and stopping at the blacksmith's shop, asked what news was stirring. "Great news!" said the people. "Master Brock, down that lane, has just had a child born to him that they say is a Luck's-child; and we are told that, when he is fourteen years old, he is fated to marry our noble king's daughter." This did not please the king; so he went to the poor child's parents, and asked them whether they would sell him their son? "No," said they. But the stranger begged very hard, and said he would give a great deal of money: so as they had scarcely bread to eat, they at last agreed, saying to themselves, "He is a Luck's-child; all, therefore, is no doubt for the best—he can come to no harm."

The king took the child, put it into a box, and rode away; but when he came to a deep stream he threw it into the current, and said to himself, "That young gentleman will never be my daughter's husband." The box, however, floated down the stream. Some kind fairy watched over it, so that no water reached the child; and at last, about two miles from the king's chief city, it stopped at the dam of a mill. The miller soon saw it, and took a long pole and drew it towards the shore, and finding it heavy, thought there was gold inside; but when he opened it he found a pretty little boy that smiled upon him merrily. Now the miller and his wife had no children, and they therefore rejoiced to see their prize, saying, "Heaven has sent it to us"; so they treated it very kindly, and brought it up with such care that everyone liked and loved it.

About thirteen years passed over their heads, when the same king came by chance to the mill, and seeing the boy, asked the miller if that was his son. "No," said he, "I found him, when a babe, floating down the river in a box into the mill-dam." "How long ago?" asked the king. "Some thirteen years," said the miller. "He is a fine fellow," said the king; "can you spare him to carry a letter to the queen? It will please me very much, and I will give him two pieces of gold for his trouble." "As your majesty pleases," said the miller.

Now the king had guessed at once that this must be the child he had tried to drown, so he wrote a letter by him to the queen, saying, "As soon as the bearer of this reaches you, let him be killed and buried, so that all may be over before I come back."

The young man set out with this letter but missed his way, and came in the evening to a dark wood. Through the gloom he saw a light afar off, to which he bent his steps, and found that it came from a little cottage. There was no one within except an old woman, who was frightened at seeing him, and said, "Why do you come hither, and whither are you going?" "I am going to the queen, to whom I was to have given a letter; but I have lost my way, and shall be glad if you will give me a night's rest." "You are very unlucky," said she, "for this is a robbers' hut; and if the band come back while you are here it may be worse for you." "I am so tired, however," replied he, "that I must take my chance, for I can go no further"; so he laid the letter on the table, stretched himself out upon a bench, and fell asleep.

When the robbers came home and saw him, they asked the old woman who the strange lad was. "I have given him shelter for charity," said she; "he had a letter to carry to the queen, and lost his way." The robbers took up the letter, broke it open, and read the orders which were in it to murder the bearer. Then their leader was very angry at the king's trick; so he tore his letter, and wrote a fresh one, begging the queen, as soon as the young man reached her, to marry him to the princess. Meantime they let him sleep on till morning broke, and then showed him the right way to the queen's palace; where, as soon as she had read the letter, she made all ready for the wedding: and as the young man was very handsome, the princess was very dutiful, and took him then and there for a husband.

After a while the king came back; and when he saw that this Luck's-child was married to the princess, notwithstanding all the art and cunning he had used to thwart his luck, he asked eagerly how all this had happened, and what were the orders which he had given. "Dear husband," said the queen, "here is your own letter—read it for yourself." The king took it, and seeing that an exchange had been made, asked his son-in-law what he had done with the letter he gave him to carry. "I know nothing of it," said he; "if it is not the one you gave me, it must have been taken away in the night, when I slept." Then the king was very wroth, and said, "No man shall have my daughter who does not go down into the wonderful cave and bring me three golden hairs from the beard of the giant king who reigns there; do this, and you shall have my free leave to be my daughter's husband." "I will soon do that," said the youth; so he took leave of his wife, and set out on his journey.

At the first city that he came to, the guard at the gate stopped him, and asked what trade he followed, and what he knew. "I know everything," said he. "If that be so," said they, "you are just the man we want; be so good as to find out why our fountain in the market-place is dry, and will give no water. Tell us the cause of that, and we will give you two asses loaded with gold." "With all my heart," said he, "when I come back."

Then he journeyed on, and came to another city, and there the guard also asked him what trade he followed, and what he understood. "I know everything," answered he. "Then pray do us a good turn," said they; "tell us why a tree, which always before bore us golden apples, does not even bear a leaf this year." "Most willingly," said he, "as I come back."

At last his way led him to the side of a great lake of water, over which he must pass. The ferryman soon began to ask, as the others had done, what was his trade, and what he knew. "Everything," said he. "Then," said the other, "pray tell me why I am forced for ever to ferry over this water, and have never been able to get my freedom; I will reward you handsomely." "Ferry me over," said the young man, "and I will tell you all about it as I come home."

When he had passed the water, he came to the wonderful cave. It looked very black and gloomy; but the wizard king was not at home, and his grandmother sat at the door in her easy chair. "What do you want?" said she. "Three golden hairs from the giant's beard," answered he. "You will run a great risk," said she, "when he comes home; yet I will try what I can do for you." Then she changed him into an ant, and told him to hide himself in the folds of her cloak. "Very well," said he: "but I want also to know why the city fountain is dry; why the tree that bore golden apples is now leafless; and what it is that binds the ferryman to his post." "You seem fond of asking puzzling things," said the old dame; "but lie still, and listen to what the giant says when I pull the golden hairs, and perhaps you may learn what you want." Soon night set in, and the old gentleman came home. As soon as he entered he began to snuff up the air, and cried, "All is not right here: I smell man's flesh." Then he searched all round in vain, and the old dame scolded, and said, "Why should you turn everything topsy-turvy? I have just set all straight." Upon this he laid his head in her lap, and soon fell asleep. As soon as he began to snore, she seized one of the golden hairs of his beard and pulled it out. "Mercy!" cried he, starting up: "what are you about?" "I had a dream that roused me," said she, "and in my trouble I seized hold of your hair. I dreamt that the fountain in the market-place of the city was become dry, and would give no water; what can be the cause?" "Ah! if they could find that out they would be glad," said the giant: "under a stone in the fountain sits a toad; when they kill him, it will flow again."

This said, he fell asleep, and the old lady pulled out another hair. "What would you be at?" cried he in a rage. "Don't be angry," said she, "I did it in my sleep; I dreamt that I was in a great kingdom a long way off, and that there was a beautiful tree there, that used to bear golden apples, but that now has not even a leaf upon it; what is the meaning of that?" "Aha!" said the giant, "they would like very well to know that. At the root of the tree a mouse is gnawing; if they were to kill him, the tree would bear golden apples again: if not, it will soon die. Now do let me sleep in peace; if you wake me again, you shall rue it."

Then he fell once more asleep; and when she heard him snore she pulled out the third golden hair, and the giant jumped up and threatened her sorely; but she soothed him, and said, "It was a very strange dream I had this time: methought I saw a ferryman, who was bound to ply backwards and forwards over a great lake, and could never find out how to set himself free; what is the charm that binds him?" "A silly fool!" said the giant: "if he were to give the rudder into the hand of any passenger that came, he would find himself free, and the other would be forced to take his place. Now pray let me sleep."

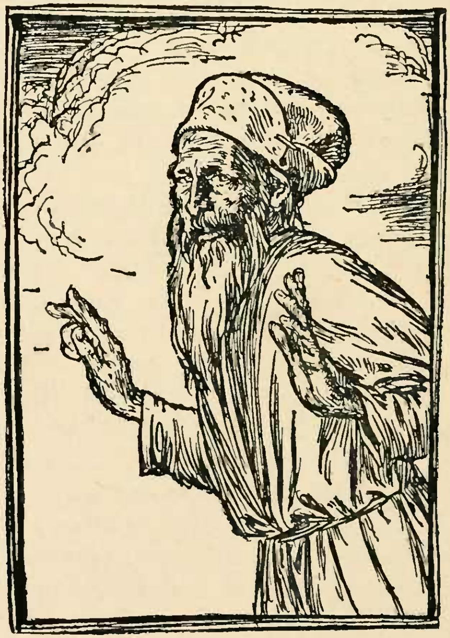
In the morning the giant arose and went out; and the old woman gave the young man the three golden hairs, reminded him of the three answers, and sent him on his way.

He soon came to the ferryman, who knew him again, and asked for the answer which he had said he would give him. "Ferry me over first," said he, "and then I will tell you." When the boat reached the other side, he told him to give the rudder to the first passenger that came, and then he might run away as soon as he pleased. The next place that he came to was the city where the barren tree stood: "Kill the mouse," said he, "that is gnawing the tree's root, and you will have golden apples again." They gave him a rich gift for this news, and he journeyed on to the city where the fountain had dried up; and the guard asked him how to make the water flow. So he told them how to cure that mischief, and they thanked him, and gave him the two asses laden with gold.

And now at last this Luck's-child reached home, and his wife was very glad to see him, and to hear how well everything had gone with him. Then he gave the three golden hairs to the king, who could no longer deny him, though he was at heart quite as spiteful against his son-in-law as ever. The gold, however, astonished him, and when he saw all the treasure he cried out with joy, "My dear son, where did you find all this gold?" "By the side of a lake," said the youth, "where there is plenty more to be had." "Pray tell me where it lies," said the king, "that I may go and get some too." "As much as you please," replied the other. "You must set out and travel on and on, till you come to the shore of a great lake: there you will see a ferryman; let him carry you across, and when once you are over, you will see gold as plentiful as sand upon the shore."

Away went the greedy king; and when he came to the lake he beckoned to the ferryman, who gladly took him into his boat; and as soon as he was there gave the rudder into his hand and sprang ashore, leaving the old king to ferry away, as a reward for his craftiness and treachery.

"And is his majesty plying there to this day?" You may be sure of that, for nobody will trouble himself to take the rudder out of his hands.



PEE-WIT

A POOR countryman, whose name was Pee-wit, lived with his wife in a very quiet way, in the parish where he was born. One day as he was ploughing with his two oxen in the field, he heard all on a sudden some one calling out his name. Turning round, he saw nothing but a bird that kept crying "Pee-wit! Pee-wit!" Now this poor bird is called a Pee-wit, and, like the cuckoo, always keeps crying out its own name. But the countryman thought it was mocking him, so he took up a huge stone and threw at it. The bird flew off safe and sound; but the stone fell upon the head of one of the oxen, and killed him upon the spot. "What can one do with an odd one?" thought Pee-wit to himself as he looked at the ox that was left; so without more ado he killed him too, skinned them both, and set out for the neighbouring town to sell the hides to the tanner for as much as he could get.

He soon found out where the tanner lived, and knocked at the door. Before, however, the door was opened, he saw through the window that the tanner's daughter was hiding in an old chest a friend of hers, whom she seemed to wish that no one should see. By and by the door was opened. "What do you want?" said the daughter. Then Pee-wit told her he wanted to sell his hides; and it came out that the tanner was not at home, and that no one there ever made bargains but himself. The countryman said he would sell cheap, and did not mind giving his hides for the old chest in the corner; meaning the one he had seen the young woman's friend get into.

Of course the maiden would not agree to this; and they went on talking the matter over so long, that at last in came the tanner, and asked what it was all about. Pee-wit told him the whole story, and asked whether he would give him the old chest for the hides. "To be sure I will," said he; and scolded his daughter for saying nay to such a bargain, which she ought to have been glad to make, if the countryman was willing. Then up he took the chest on his shoulders, and all the tanner's daughter could say mattered nothing; away it went into the countryman's cart, and off he drove. But when they had gone some way, the young man within began to make himself heard, and to beg and pray to be let out. Pee-wit, however, was not so soon to be brought over; but at last after a long parley, a thousand dollars were bid and taken; the money was paid, and at that price the poor fellow was set free, and went about his business.

Then Pee-wit went home very happy, and built a new house, and seemed so rich that his neighbours wondered and said, "Pee-wit must have been where the golden snow falls." So they took him before the next justice of the peace, to give an account of himself and show that he came honestly by his wealth; and then he told them that he had sold his hides for one thousand dollars. When they heard it, they all killed their oxen, that they might sell the hides to the same tanner; but the justice said, "My maid shall have the first chance"; so off she went: but when she came to the tanner, he laughed at them all for a parcel of noodles, and said he had given their neighbour nothing but an old chest.

At this they were all very angry, and laid their heads together to work him some mischief, which they thought they could do while he was digging in his garden. All this, however, came to the ears of the countryman, who was plagued with a sad scold for his wife; and he thought to himself, "If any one is to come into trouble, I don't see why it should not be my wife rather than Pee-wit"; so he told her that he wished she would humour him in a whim he had taken into his head, and would put on his clothes and dig the garden in his stead.

The wife did what was asked, and next morning began digging. But soon came some of the neighbours, and, thinking it was Pee-wit, threw a stone at her,—harder, perhaps, than they meant,—and killed her at once. Poor Pee-wit was rather sorry at this; but still he thought that he had had a lucky escape for himself, and that perhaps he might, after all, turn the death of his wife to some account: so he dressed her in her own clothes, put a basket with fine fruit (which was now scarce, it being winter) into her hand, and set her by the road-side, on a broad bench. After a while came by a fine coach with six horses, servants, and outriders, and within sat a noble lord, who lived not far off. When his lordship saw the beautiful fruit, he sent one of the servants to the woman, to ask what was the price of her goods. The man went and asked, "What is the price of this fruit?" No answer. He asked again. No answer. And when this had happened three times, he became angry, and, thinking she was asleep, gave her a box on the ear, when down she fell backwards into the pond that was behind the seat. Then up ran Pee-wit, and cried out and sorrowed, because they had drowned his poor dear wife; and threatened to have the lord and his servants tried for what they had done. His lordship begged him to be easy, and offered to give him the coach and horses, servants and all; so the countryman, after a long time, let himself be appeased a little, took what they gave, got into the coach, and set off towards his own home again.

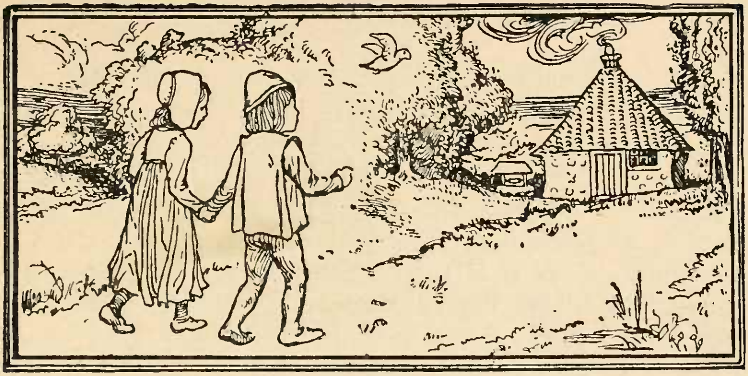
As he came near, the neighbours wondered much at the beautiful coach and horses, and still more when they stopped and Pee-wit got out at his own door. Then he told them the whole story, which only vexed them still more; so they took him and fastened him up in a tub, and were going to throw him into the lake that was hard by. But whilst they were rolling the tub on before them towards the water they passed by an alehouse, and stopped to refresh themselves a little before they put an end to Pee-wit. Meantime they tied the tub fast to a tree, and there left it while they were enjoying themselves within doors.

Pee-wit no sooner found himself alone, than he began to turn over in his mind how he could get free. He listened, and soon heard, Ba, ba! from a flock of sheep and lambs that were coming by. Then he lifted up his voice, and shouted out, "I will not be burgomaster, I say; I will not be made burgomaster." The shepherd hearing this went up and said, "What is all this noise about?" "Oh!" said Pee-wit, "my neighbours will make me burgomaster against my will; and when I told them I would not agree, they put me into this cask, and are going to throw me into the lake." "I should like very well to be burgomaster, if I were you," said the shepherd. "Open the cask, then," said the other, "and let me out, and get in yourself, and they will make you burgomaster instead of me." No sooner said than done; the shepherd was in, Pee-wit was out: and as there was nobody to take care of the shepherd's flock, Pee-wit drove it off merrily towards his own house.

When the neighbours came out of the alehouse they rolled the cask on, and the shepherd began to cry out, "I *will* be burgomaster now; I *will* be burgomaster now." "I dare say you will, but you shall take a swim first," said a neighbour, as he gave the cask the last push over into the lake. This done, away they went home merrily, leaving the shepherd to get out as well as he could.

But as they came in at one side of the village, who should they meet coming in by the other way but Pee-wit, driving a fine flock of sheep and lambs before him! "How came you here?" cried all with one voice. "Oh! the lake is enchanted," said he; "when you threw me in I sunk deep and deep into the water, till at last I came to the bottom; there I knocked out the bottom of the cask, and then I found myself in a beautiful meadow, with fine flocks grazing upon it; so I chose a few for myself, and here I am." "Cannot we have some too?" said they. "Why not? there are hundreds and thousands left; you have nothing to do but to jump in, and fetch them out."

So they all agreed they would dive for sheep; the justice first, then his clerk, then the constables, and then the rest of the parish one after the other. When they came to the side of the lake, the blue sky was covered over with little white clouds, like flocks of sheep, and all were reflected in the clear water: so they called out, "There they are! there they are already!" and fearing lest the justice should get everything, they jumped in all at once; but Pee-wit jogged home, and made himself happy with what he had got, leaving his neighbours to find flocks for themselves as well as they could.



Hansel and Grethel.

There was once a poor man, who was a woodman, and went every day to cut wood in the forest. One day as he went along, he heard a cry like a little child's: so he followed the sound, till at last he looked up a high tree, and on one of the branches sat a very little child. Now its mother had fallen asleep, and a vulture had taken it out of her lap and flown away with it, and left it on the tree. Then the woodcutter climbed up, took the little child down, and found it was a pretty little girl; and he said to himself, "I will take this poor child home, and bring her up with my own son Hansel." So he brought her to his cottage, and both grew up together: he called the little girl Grethel, and the two children were so very fond of each other that they were never happy but when they were together.

But the woodcutter became very poor, and had nothing in the world he could call his own; and indeed he had scarcely bread enough for his wife and the two children to eat. At last the time came when even that was all gone, and he knew not where to seek for help in his need. Then at night, as he lay on his bed, and turned himself here and there, restless and full of care, his wife said to him, "Husband, listen to me, and take the two children out early to-morrow morning; give each of them a piece of bread, and then lead them into the midst of the wood, where it is thickest, make a fire for them, and go away and leave them alone to shift for themselves, for we can no longer keep them here." "No, wife," said the husband, "I cannot find it in my heart to leave the children to the wild beasts of the forest; they would soon tear them to pieces." "Well, if you will not do as I say," answered the wife, "we must all starve together." And she would not let him have any peace until he came into her hard-hearted plan.

Meantime the poor children too were lying awake restless, and weak from hunger, so that they heard all that Hansel's mother said to her husband. "Now," thought Grethel to herself, "it is all up with us": and she began to weep. But Hansel crept to her bedside, and said, "Do not be afraid, Grethel, I will find out some help for us." Then he got up, put on his jacket, and opened the door and went out.

The moon shone bright upon the little court before the cottage, and the white pebbles glittered like daisies on the green meadows. So he stooped down, and put as many as he could into his pocket, and then went back to the house. "Now, Grethel," said he, "rest in peace!" and he went to bed and fell fast asleep.

Early in the morning, before the sun had risen, the woodman's wife came and awoke them. "Get up, children," said she, "we are going into the wood; there is a piece of bread for each of you, but take care of it, and keep some for the afternoon." Grethel took the bread, and carried it in her apron, because Hansel had his pocket full of stones; and they made their way into the wood.

After they had walked on for a time, Hansel stood still and looked towards home; and after a while he turned again, and so on several times. Then his father said, "Hansel, why do you keep turning and lagging about so? move on a little faster." "Ah, father," answered Hansel, "I am stopping to look at my white cat, that sits on the roof, and wants to say good-bye to me." "You little fool!" said his mother, "that is not your cat; it is the morning sun shining on the chimney-top." Now Hansel had not been looking at the cat, but had all the while been lingering behind, to drop from his pocket one white pebble after another along the road.

When they came into the midst of the wood the woodman said, "Run about, children, and pick up some wood, and I will make a fire to keep us all warm." So they piled up a little heap of brushwood, and set it on fire; and as the flames burnt bright, the mother said, "Now set yourselves by the fire, and go to sleep, while we go and cut wood in the forest; be sure you wait till we come again and fetch you." Hansel and Grethel sat by the fireside till the afternoon, and then each of them ate their piece of bread. They fancied the woodman was still in the wood, because they thought they heard the blows of his axe; but it was a bough, which he had cunningly hung upon a tree, in such a way that the wind blew it backwards and forwards against the other boughs; and so it sounded as the axe does in cutting. Thus they waited till evening: but the woodman and his wife kept away, and no one came to fetch them.

When it was quite dark Grethel began to cry; but then Hansel said, "Wait awhile till the moon rises." And when the moon rose he took her by the hand, and there lay the pebbles along the ground, glittering like new pieces of money, and marking out the way. Towards morning they came again to the woodman's house, and he was glad in his heart when he saw the children again, for he had grieved at leaving them alone. His wife also seemed to be glad; but in her heart she was angry at it.

Not long afterwards there was again no bread in the house, and Hansel and Grethel heard the wife say to her husband, "The children found their way back once, and I took it in good part; but now there is only half a loaf of bread left for them in the house; to-morrow you must take them deeper into the wood, that they may not find their way out, or we shall all be starved." It grieved the husband in his heart to do as his selfish wife wished, and he thought it would be better to share their last morsel with the children; but as he had done as she said once, he did not dare now to say no. When the children heard all their plan, Hansel got up, and wanted to pick up pebbles as before; but when he came to the door, he found his mother had locked it. Still he comforted Grethel, and said, "Sleep in peace, dear Grethel! God is very kind, and will help us."

Early in the morning, a piece of bread was given to each of them, but still smaller than the one they had before. Upon the road Hansel crumbled his in his pocket and often stood still, and threw a crumb upon the ground. "Why do you lag so behind, Hansel?" said the woodman; "go your ways on before." "I am looking at my little dove that is sitting upon the roof, and wants to say good-bye to me." "You silly boy!" said the wife, "that is not your little dove; it is the morning sun, that shines on the chimney-top." But Hansel still went on crumbling his bread, and throwing it on the ground. And thus they went on still further into the wood, where they had never been before in all their life.

There they were again told to sit down by a large fire, and go to sleep; and the woodman and his wife said they would come in the evening and fetch them away. In the afternoon Hansel shared Grethel's bread, because he had strewed all his upon the road; but the day passed away, and evening passed away too, and no one came to the poor children. Still Hansel comforted Grethel, and said, "Wait till the moon rises; and then I shall be able to see the crumbs of bread which I have strewed, and they will show us the way home."

The moon rose; but when Hansel looked for the crumbs they were gone, for hundreds of little birds in the wood had found them and picked them up. Hansel, however, set out to try and find his way home; but they soon lost themselves in the wilderness, and went on through the night and all the next day, till at last they laid down and fell asleep for weariness. Another day they went on as before, but still did not come to the end of the wood; and they were as hungry as could be, for they had had nothing to eat.

In the afternoon of the third day they came to a strange little hut, made of bread, with a roof of cake, and windows of barley-sugar. "Now we will sit down and eat till we have had enough," said Hansel; "I will eat off the roof for my share; do you eat the windows, Grethel, they will be nice and sweet for you." Whilst Grethel, however, was picking at the barley-sugar, a pretty voice called softly from within, "Tip, tap! who goes there?"

But the children answered,

"The wind, the wind,
That blows through the air!"

and went on eating. Now Grethel had broken out a round pane of the window for herself, and Hansel had torn off a large piece of cake from the roof, when the door opened, and a little old fairy came gliding out. At this Hansel and Grethel were so frightened, that they let fall what they had in their hands. But the old lady nodded to them, and said, "Dear children, where have you been wandering about? Come in with me; you shall have something good."

So she took them both by the hand, and led them into her little hut, and brought out plenty to eat,—milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts; and then two beautiful little beds were got ready, and Grethel and Hansel laid themselves down, and thought they were in heaven. But the fairy was a spiteful one, and made her pretty sweatmeat house to entrap little children. Early in the morning, before they were awake, she went to their little beds; and though she saw the two sleeping and looking so sweetly, she had no pity on them, but was glad they were in her power. Then she took up Hansel, and fastened him up in a coop by himself, and when he awoke he found himself behind a grating, shut up safely, as chickens are; but she shook Grethel, and called out, "Get up, you lazy little thing, and fetch some water; and go into the kitchen, and cook something good to eat: your brother is shut up yonder; I shall first fatten him, and when he is fat, I think I shall eat him."

When the fairy was gone poor Grethel watched her time, and got up, and ran to Hansel, and told him what she had heard, and said, "We must run away quickly, for the old woman is a bad fairy, and will kill us." But Hansel said, "You must first steal away her fairy wand, that we may save ourselves if she should follow; and bring the pipe too that hangs up in her room." Then the little maiden ran back, and fetched the magic wand and the pipe, and away they went together; so when the old fairy came back and could see no one at home, she sprang in a great rage to the window, and looked out into the wide world (which she could do far and near), and a long way off she spied Grethel, running away with her dear Hansel. "You are already a great way off," said she; "but you will still fall into my hands."

Then she put on her boots, which walked several miles at a step, and scarcely made two steps with them before she overtook the children; but Grethel saw that the fairy was coming after them, and, by the help of the wand, turned her friend Hansel into a lake of water, and herself into a swan, which swam about in the middle of it. So the fairy sat herself down on the shore, and took a great deal of trouble to decoy the swan, and threw crumbs of bread to it; but it would not come near her, and she was forced to go home in the evening without taking her revenge. Then Grethel changed herself and Hansel back into their own forms once more, and they went journeying on the whole night, until the dawn of day: and then the maiden turned herself into a beautiful rose, that grew in the midst of a quickset hedge; and Hansel sat by the side.

The fairy soon came striding along. "Good piper," said she, "may I pluck yon beautiful rose for myself?" "O yes," answered he. "And then," thought he to himself, "I will play you a tune meantime." So when she had crept into the hedge in a great hurry, to gather the flower—for she well knew what it was,—he pulled out the pipe slily, and began to play. Now the pipe was a fairy pipe, and, whether they liked it or not, whoever heard it was obliged to dance. So the old fairy was forced to dance a merry jig, on and on without any rest, and without being able to reach the rose. And as he did not cease playing a moment, the thorns at length tore the clothes from off her body, and pricked her sorely, and there she stuck quite fast.

Then Grethel set herself free once more, and on they went; but she grew very tired, and Hansel said, "Now I will hasten home for help." And Grethel said, "I will stay here in the meantime, and wait for you." Then Hansel went away, and Grethel was to wait for him.

But when Grethel had staid in the field a long time, and found he did not come back, she became quite sorrowful, and turned herself into a little daisy, and thought to herself, "Some one will come and tread me under foot, and so my sorrows will end." But it so happened that, as a shepherd was keeping watch in the field, he saw the daisy; and thinking it very pretty, he took it home, placed it in a box in his room, and said, "I have never found so pretty a daisy before." From that time everything throve wonderfully at the shepherd's house. When he got up in the morning, all the household work was ready done; the room was swept and cleaned, the fire made, and the water fetched; and in the afternoon, when he came home, the table-cloth was laid, and a good dinner ready set for him. He could not make out how all this happened, for he saw no one in his house; and although it pleased him well enough, he was at length troubled to think how it could be, and went to a cunning woman who lived hard by, and asked her what he should do. She said, "There must be witchcraft in it; look out to-morrow morning early, and see if anything stirs about in the room: if it does, throw a white cloth at once over it, and then the witchcraft will be stopped." The shepherd did as she said, and the next morning saw the box open, and the daisy come out: then he sprang up quickly, and threw a white cloth over it: in an instant the spell was broken, and Grethel stood before him, for it was she who had taken care of his house for him; and she was so beautiful, that he asked her if she would marry him. She said, "No," because she wished to be faithful to her dear Hansel; but she agreed to stay, and keep house for him till Hansel came back.

Time passed on, and Hansel came back at last; for the spiteful fairy had led him astray, and he had not been able for a long time to find his way, either home or back to Grethel. Then he and Grethel set out to go home; but after travelling a long way, Grethel became tired, and she and Hansel laid themselves down to sleep in a fine old hollow tree that grew in a meadow by the side of the wood. But as they slept the fairy—who had got out of the bush at last—came by; and finding her wand was glad to lay hold of it, and at once turned poor Hansel into a fawn while he was asleep.

Soon after Grethel awoke, and found what had happened; and she wept bitterly over the poor creature; and the tears too rolled down his eyes, as he laid himself down beside her. Then she said, "Rest in peace, dear fawn; I will never, never leave thee." So she took off her golden necklace, and put it round his neck, and plucked some rushes, and plaited them into a soft string to fasten to it, and led the poor little thing by her side when she went to walk in the wood; and when they were tired they came back, and laid down to sleep by the side of the hollow tree, where they lodged at night: but nobody came near them except the little dwarfs that lived in the wood, and these watched over them while they were asleep.

At last one day they came to a little cottage; and Grethel having looked in, and seen that it was quite empty, thought to herself, "We can stay and live here." Then she went and gathered leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the fawn; and every morning she went out and plucked nuts, roots, and berries for herself, and sweet shrubs and tender grass for her friend; and it ate out of her hand, and was pleased, and played and frisked about her. In the evening, when Grethel was tired, and had said her prayers, she laid her head upon the fawn for her pillow, and slept; and if poor Hansel could but have his right form again, she thought they should lead a very happy life.

They lived thus a long while in the wood by themselves, till it chanced that the king of that country came to hold a great hunt there. And when the fawn heard all around the echoing of the horns, and the baying of the dogs, and the merry shouts of the huntsmen, he wished very much to go and see what was going on. "Ah, sister! sister!" said he, "let me go out into the wood, I can stay no longer." And he begged so long, that she at last agreed to let him go. "But," said she, "be sure to come to me in the evening; I shall shut up the door, to keep out those wild huntsmen; and if you tap at it and say, 'Sister, let me in!' I shall know you: but if you don't speak, I shall keep the door fast." Then away sprang the fawn, and frisked and bounded along in the open air. The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful creature, and followed, but could not overtake him; for when they thought they were sure of their prize, he sprang over the bushes, and was out of sight at once.

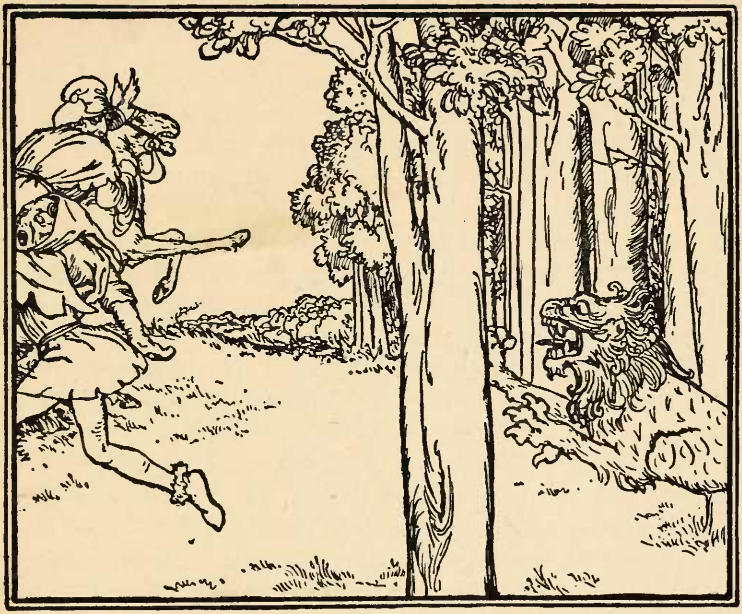
As it grew dark he came running home to the hut and tapped, and said, "Sister, sister, let me in!" Then she opened the little door, and in he jumped, and slept soundly all night on his soft bed.

Next morning the hunt began again; and when he heard the huntsmen's horns, he said, "Sister, open the door for me, I must go again." Then she let him out, and said, "Come back in the evening, and remember what you are to say." When the king and the huntsmen saw the fawn with the golden collar again, they gave him chase; but he was too quick for them. The chase lasted the whole day; but at last the huntsmen nearly surrounded him, and one of them wounded him in the foot, so that he became sadly lame, and could hardly crawl home. The man who had wounded him followed close behind, and hid himself, and heard the little fawn say, "Sister, sister, let me in!" upon which the door opened, and soon shut again. The huntsman marked all well, and went to the king and told him what he had seen and heard; then the king said, "To-morrow we will have another chase."

Grethel was very much frightened when she saw that her dear little fawn was wounded; but she washed the blood away, and put some healing herbs on it, and said, "Now go to bed, dear fawn, and you will soon be well again. The wound was so slight, that in the morning there was nothing to be seen of it; and when the horn blew, the little thing said, "I can't stay here, I must go and look on; I will take care that none of them shall catch me." But Grethel said, "I am sure they will kill you this time: I will not let you go." "I shall die of grief," said he, "if you keep me here; when I hear the horns, I feel as if I could fly." Then Grethel was forced to let him go: so she opened the door with a heavy heart, and he bounded out gaily into the wood.

When the king saw him, he said to his huntsmen, "Now chase him all day long, till you catch him; but let none of you do him any harm." The sun set, however, without their being able to overtake him, and the king called away the huntsmen, and said to the one who had watched, "Now come and show me the little hut." So they went to the door and tapped, and said, "Sister, sister, let me in!" Then the door opened, and the king went in, and there stood a maiden more lovely than any he had ever seen. Grethel was frightened to see that it was not her fawn, but a king with a golden crown that was come into her hut: however, he spoke kindly to her, and took her hand, and said, "Will you come with me to my castle, and be my wife?" "Yes," said the maiden, "I will go to your castle, but I cannot be your wife; and my fawn must go with me, I cannot part with that." "Well," said the king, "he shall come and live with you all your life, and want for nothing." Just then in sprang the little fawn; and his sister tied the string to his neck, and they left the hut in the wood together.

Then the king took Grethel to his palace, and on the way she told him all her story: and then he sent for the fairy, and made her change the fawn into Hansel again; and he and Grethel loved one another, and were married, and lived happily together all their days in the good king's palace.



Lily and the Lion.

A merchant, who had three daughters, was once setting out upon a journey; but before he went he asked each daughter what gift he should bring back for her. The eldest wished for pearls; the second for jewels; but the third, who was called Lily, said, "Dear father, bring me a rose." Now it was no easy task to find a rose, for it was the middle of winter; yet as she was his prettiest daughter, and was very fond of flowers, her father said he would try what he could do. So he kissed all three, and bid them good-bye.

And when the time came for him to go home, he had bought pearls and jewels for the two eldest, but he had sought everywhere in vain for the rose; and when he went into any garden and asked for such a thing, the people laughed at him, and asked him whether he thought roses grew in snow. This grieved him very much, for Lily was his dearest child; and as he was journeying home, thinking what he should bring her, he came to a fine castle; and around the castle was a garden, in one half of which it seemed to be summer time, and in the other half winter. On one side the finest flowers were in full bloom, and on the other everything looked dreary and buried in the snow. "A lucky hit!" said he, as he called to his servant, and told him to go to a beautiful bed of roses that was there, and bring him away one of the finest flowers.

This done, they were riding away well pleased, when up sprang a fierce lion, and roared out, "Whoever has stolen my roses shall be eaten up alive!" Then the man said, "I knew not that the garden belonged to you; can nothing save my life?" "No!" said the lion, "nothing, unless you undertake to give me whatever meets you first on your return home: if you agree to this, I will give you your life, and the rose too for your daughter." But the man was unwilling to do so and said, "It may be my youngest daughter, who loves me most, and always runs to meet me when I go home." Then the servant was greatly frightened, and said, "It may perhaps be only a cat or a dog." And at last the man yielded with a heavy heart, and took the rose; and said he would give the lion whatever should meet him first on his return.

And as he came near home, it was Lily, his youngest and dearest daughter, that met him; she came running, and kissed him, and welcomed him home; and when she saw that he had brought her the rose, she was still more glad. But her father began to be very sorrowful, and to weep, saying, "Alas, my dearest child! I have bought this flower at a high price, for I have said I would give you to a wild lion; and when he has you, he will tear you in pieces, and eat you." Then he told her all that had happened, and said she should not go, let what would happen.

But she comforted him, and said, "Dear father, the word you have given must be kept; I will go to the lion, and soothe him: perhaps he will let me come safe home again."

The next morning she asked the way she was to go, and took leave of her father, and went forth with a bold heart into the wood. But the lion was an enchanted prince. By day he and all his court were lions, but in the evening they took their right forms again. And when Lily came to the castle, he welcomed her so courteously that she agreed to marry him. The wedding-feast was held, and they lived happily together a long time. The prince was only to be seen as soon as evening came, and then he held his court; but every morning he left his bride, and went away by himself, she knew not whither, till the night came again.

" After some time he said to her, "To-morrow there will be a great feast in your father's house, for your eldest sister is to be married; and if you wish to go and visit her my lions shall lead you thither." Then she rejoiced much at the thoughts of seeing her father once more, and set out with the lions; and every one was overjoyed to see her, for they had thought her dead long since. But she told them how happy she was, and stayed till the feast was over, and then went back to the wood.

Her second sister was soon after married, and when Lily was asked to the wedding, she said to the prince, "I will not go alone this time—you must go with me." But he would not, and said that it would be a very hazardous thing; for if the least ray of the torch-light should fall upon him his enchantment would become still worse, for he should be changed into a dove, and be forced to wander about the world for seven long years. However she gave him no rest, and said she would take care no light should fall upon him. So at last they set out together, and took with them their little child; and she chose a large hall with thick walls for him to sit in while the wedding-torches were lighted; but, unluckily, no one saw that there was a crack in the door. Then the wedding was held with great pomp, but as the train came from the church, and passed with the torches before the hall, a very small ray of light fell upon the prince. In a moment he disappeared, and when his wife came in and looked for him, she found only a white dove; and it said to her, "Seven years must I fly up and down over the face of the earth, but every now and then I will let fall a white feather, that will show you the way I am going; follow it, and at last you may overtake and set me free."

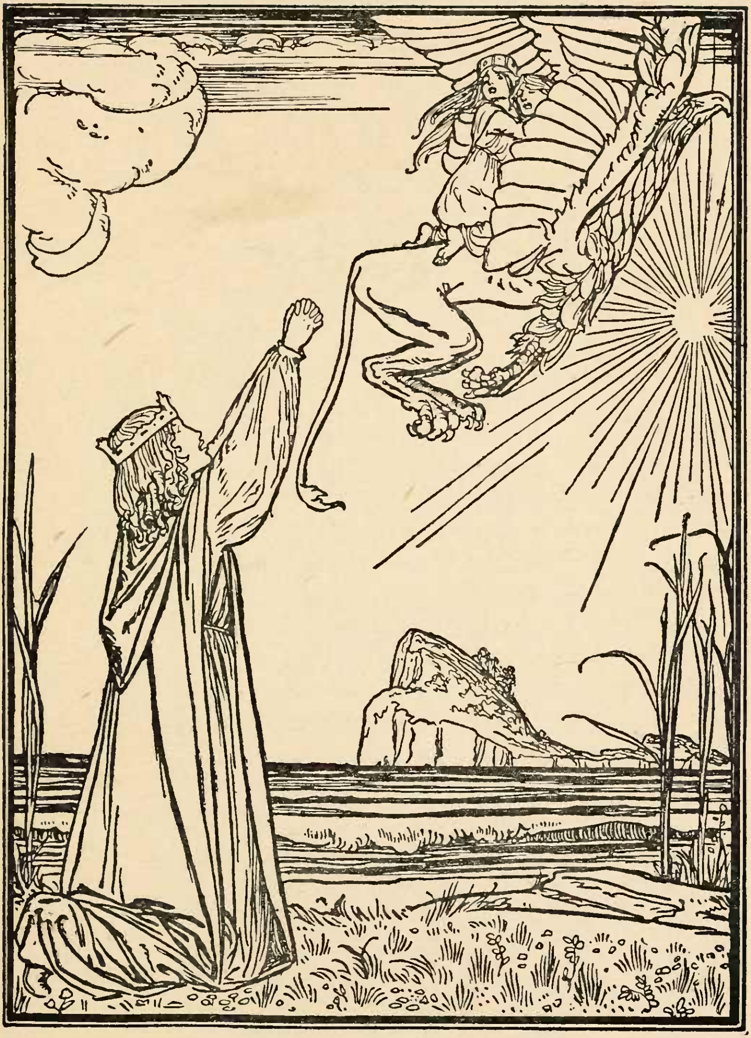
This said, he flew out at the door, and poor Lily followed; and every now and then a white feather fell, and showed her the way she was to journey. Thus she went roving on through the wide world, and looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, nor took any rest, for seven years. Then she began to be glad, and thought to herself that the time was fast coming when all her troubles should end; yet repose was still far off, for one day as she was travelling on she missed the white feather, and when she lifted up her eyes she could nowhere see the dove. "Now," thought she to herself, "no aid of man can be of use to me." So she went to the sun and said, "Thou shinest everywhere, on the hill's top and the valley's depth—hast thou anywhere seen my white dove?" "No," said the sun, "I have not seen it; but I will give thee a casket—open it when thy hour of need comes."

So she thanked the sun, and went on her way till eventide; and when the moon arose, she cried unto it, and said, "Thou shinest through all the night, over field and grove; hast thou nowhere seen my white dove?" "No," said the moon, "I cannot help thee; but I will give thee an egg—break it when need comes."

Then she thanked the moon, and went on till the night-wind blew; and she raised up her voice to it, and said, "Thou blowest through every tree and under every leaf: hast thou not seen my white dove?" "No," said the night-wind, "but I will ask three other winds; perhaps they have seen it." Then the east wind and the west wind came, and said they too had not seen it, but the south wind said, "I have seen the white dove—he has fled to the Red Sea, and is changed once more into a lion, for the seven years are passed away, and there he is fighting with a dragon; and the dragon is an enchanted princess, who seeks to separate him from you." Then the night-wind said, "I will give thee counsel. Go to the Red Sea; on the right shore stand many rods—count them, and when thou comest to the eleventh, break it off, and smite the dragon with it; and so the lion will have the victory, and both of them will appear to you in their own forms. Then look round and thou wilt see a griffin, winged like a bird, sitting by the Red Sea; jump on to his back with thy beloved one as quickly as possible, and he will carry you over the waters to your home. I will also give thee this nut," continued the night-wind. "When you are half-way over, throw it down, and out of the waters will immediately spring up a high nut-tree on which the griffin will be able to rest, otherwise he would not have the strength to bear you the whole way; if, therefore, thou dost forget to throw down the nut, he will let you both fall into the sea."

So our poor wanderer went forth, and found all as the night-wind had said; and she plucked the eleventh rod, and smote the dragon, and the lion forthwith became a prince, and the dragon a princess again. But no sooner was the princess released from the spell, than she seized the prince by the arm and sprang on to the griffin's back, and went off carrying the prince away with her.

Thus the unhappy traveller was again forsaken and forlorn; but she took heart and said, "As far as the wind blows, and so long as the cock crows, I will journey on, till I find him once again." She went on for a long, long way, till at length she came to the castle whither the princess had carried the prince; and there was a feast got ready, and she heard that the wedding was about to be held. "Heaven aid me now!" said she; and she took the casket that the sun had given her, and found that within it lay a dress as dazzling as the sun itself. So she put it on, and went into the palace, and all the people gazed upon her; and the dress pleased the bride so much that she asked whether it was to be sold. "Not for gold and silver," said she, "but for flesh and blood." The princess asked what she meant, and she said, "Let me speak with the bridegroom this night in his chamber, and I will give thee the dress." At last the princess agreed, but she told her chamberlain to give the prince a sleeping draught, that he might not hear or see her. When evening came, and the Prince had fallen asleep, she was led into his chamber, and she sat herself down at his feet and said, "I have followed thee seven years. I have been to the sun, the moon, and the night-wind, to seek thee, and at last I have helped thee to



The Princess carrying the Prince away

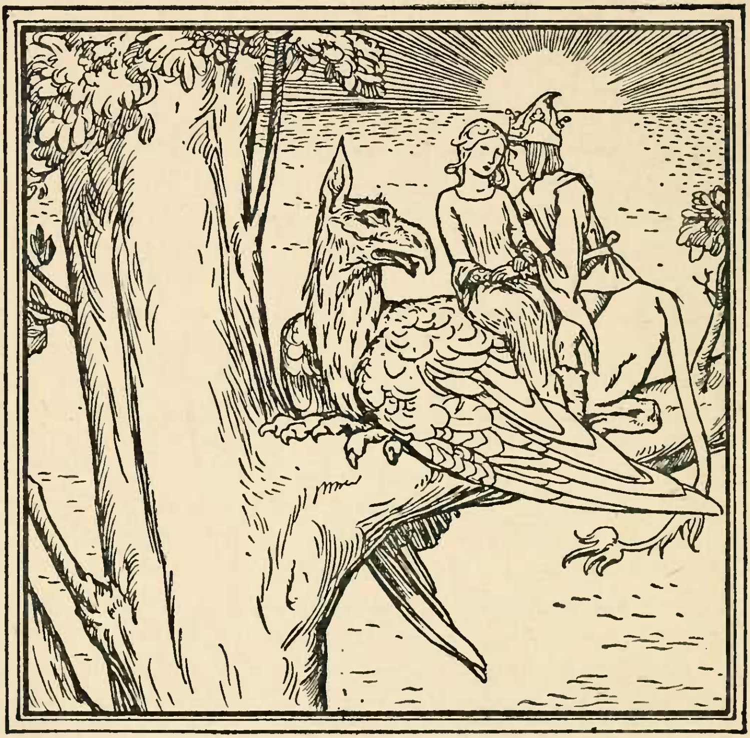
THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

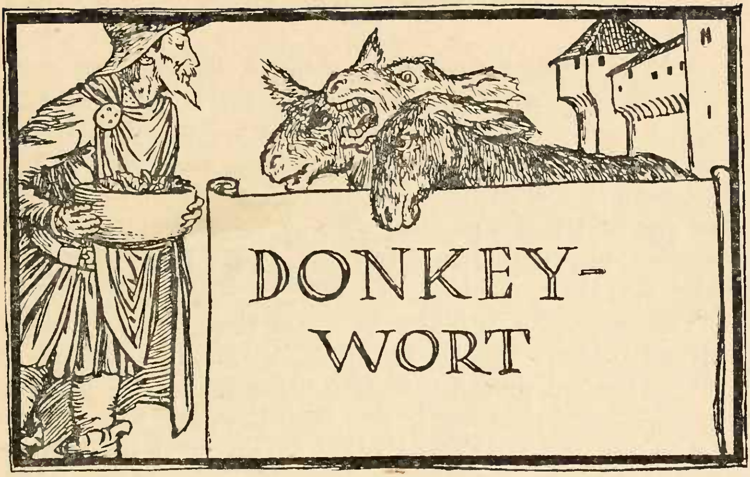
overcome the dragon. Wilt thou then forget me quite?" But the prince all the time slept so soundly, that her voice only passed over him, and seemed like the whistling of the wind among the fir-trees.

Then poor Lily was led away, and forced to give up the golden dress; and when she saw that there was no help for her, she went out into a meadow, and sat herself down and wept. But as she sat she bethought herself of the egg that the moon had given her; and when she broke it, there ran out a hen and twelve chickens of pure gold, that played about, and then nestled under the old one's wings, so as to form the most beautiful sight in the world. And she rose up and drove them before her, till the bride saw them from her window, and was so pleased that she came forth and asked her if she would sell the brood. "Not for gold or silver, but for flesh and blood: let me again this evening speak with the bridegroom in his chamber, and I will give thee the whole brood."

Then the princess thought to betray her as before, and agreed to what she asked: but when the prince went to his chamber he asked the chamberlain why the wind had whistled so in the night. And the chamberlain told him all—how he had given him a sleeping draught, and how a poor maiden had come and spoken to him in his chamber, and was to come again that night. Then the prince took care to throw away the sleeping draught; and when Lily came and began again to tell him what woes had befallen her, and how faithful and true to him she had been, he knew his beloved wife's voice, and sprang up, and said, "You have awakened me as from a dream, for the strange princess had thrown a spell around me, so that I had altogether forgotten you; but Heaven hath sent you to me in a lucky hour."



And they stole away out of the palace by night unawares, and seated themselves on the griffin, who flew back with them over the Red Sea. When they were half way across Lily let the nut fall into the water, and immediately a large nut-tree arose from the sea, whereon the griffin rested for a while, and then carried them safely home. There they found their child, now grown up to be comely and fair; and after all their troubles they lived happily together to the end of their days.



DONKEY-WORT

A Merry young huntsman, named Peter, was once riding briskly along through a wood, one while winding his horn and another singing a merry song—

"Merrily rides the huntsman bold,
  Blithsome and gay rides he:
He winds his horn, and he bends his bow,
  Under the greenwood tree."

As he journeyed along, there came up a little old woman, and said to him, "Good day, good day, Mr Huntsman bold! you seem merry enough, but I am hungry and thirsty; do pray give me something to eat." So Peter took pity on her, and put his hand in his pocket, and gave her what he had. Then he wanted to go his way; but she took hold of him, and said, "Listen, Master Peter, to what I am going to tell you; I will reward you for your kindness. Go your way, and after a little time you will come to a tree, where you will see nine birds sitting upon a cloak. Shoot into the midst of them, and one will fall down dead. The cloak will fall, too; take it as a wishing-cloak, and when you wear it. you will find yourself at any place you may wish to be. Cut open the dead bird, take out its heart and keep it, and you will find a piece of gold under your pillow every morning when you rise. It is the bird's heart that will bring you this good luck."

The huntsman thanked her, and thought to himself, "If all this do happen, it will be a fine thing for me." When he had gone a hundred steps or so, he heard a screaming and chirping in the branches over him; so he looked up, and saw a flock of birds, pulling a cloak with their bills and feet; screaming, fighting, and tugging at each other, as if each wished to have it himself. "Well," said the hunstman, "this is wonderful; this happens just as the old woman said." Then he shot into the midst of them, so that their feathers flew all about. Off went the flock chattering away; but one fell down dead, and the cloak with it. Then Peter did as the old woman told him, cut open the bird, took out the heart, and carried the cloak home with him.

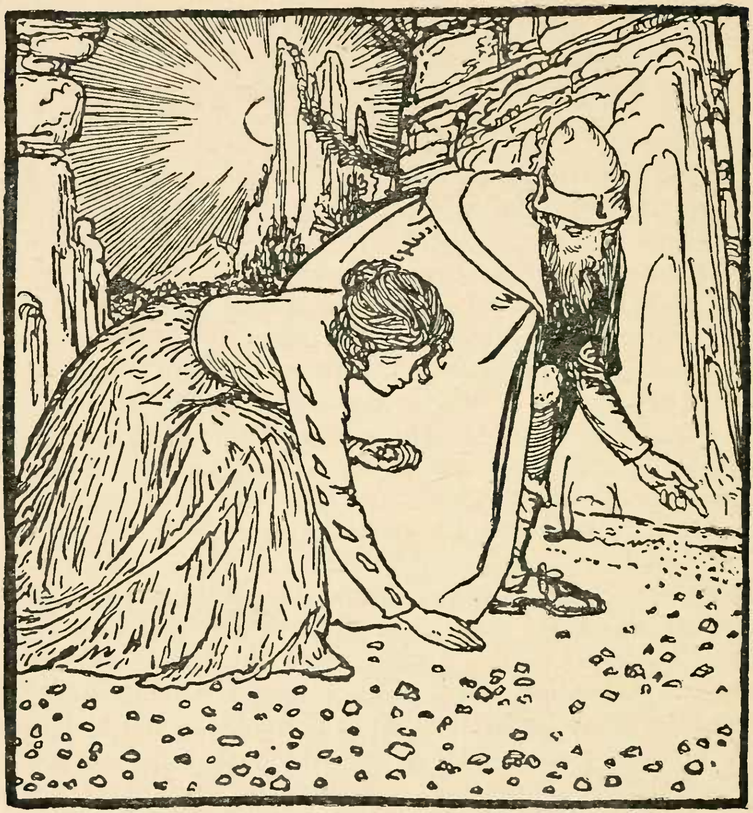
The next morning, when he awoke, he lifted up his pillow, and there lay the piece of gold glittering underneath; the same happened next day, and, indeed, every day when he arose. He heaped up a great deal of gold, and at last thought to himself, "Of what use is this gold to me whilst I am at home? I will go out into the world, and look about me."

Then he took leave of his friends, and hung his horn and bow about his neck, and went his way merrily as before, singing his song—

"Merrily rides the huntsman bold,
Blithsome and gay rides he:
He winds his horn, and he bends his bow,
Under the greenwood tree."

Now it so happened that his road led through a thick wood, at the end of which was a large castle in a green meadow; and at one of the windows stood an old woman, with a very beautiful young lady by her side, looking about them. The old woman was a fairy, and she said to the young lady, whose name was Meta, "There comes a young man out of the wood, with a wonderful prize; we must get it away from him, my dear child, for it is more fit for us than for him. He has a bird's heart that brings a piece of gold under his pillow every morning." Meantime the huntsman came nearer, and looked at the lady, and said to himself, "I have been travelling so long, that I should like to go into this castle and rest myself, for I have money enough to pay for anything I want"; but the real reason was, that he wanted to see more of the beautiful lady. Then he went into the house, and was welcomed kindly; and it was not long before he was so much in love, that he thought of nothing else but looking at Meta's eyes, and doing everything that she wished. Then the old woman said, "Now is the time for getting the bird's heart." So Meta stole it away, and he never found any more gold under his pillow; for it lay now under Meta's, and the old woman took it away every morning: but he was so much in love that he never missed his prize.

"Well," said the old fairy, "we have got the bird's heart, but not the wishing-cloak yet, and that we must also get." "Let us leave him that," said Meta; "he has



already lost all his wealth." Then the fairy was very angry, and said, "Such a cloak is a very rare and wonderful thing, and I must and will have it." So Meta did as the old woman told her, and sat herself at the window, and looked about the country, and seemed very sorrowful. Then the huntsman said, "What makes you so sad?" "Alas, dear sir," said she, "yonder lies the granite rock, where all the costly diamonds grow, and I want so much to go there, that, whenever I think of it, I cannot help being sorrowful; for who can reach it? only the birds and the flies,—man cannot." "If that's all your grief," said huntsman Peter, "I'll take you there with all my heart." So he drew her under his cloak, and the moment he wished to be on the granite mountain, they were both there.

The diamonds glittered so on all sides, that they were delighted with the sight, and picked up the finest. But the old fairy made a deep drowsiness come upon him; and he said to the young lady, "Let us sit down and rest ourselves a little, I am so tired that I cannot stand any longer." So they sat down, and he laid his head in her lap and fell asleep; and whilst he was sleeping on, the false Meta took the cloak from his shoulders, hung it on her own, picked up the diamonds, and wished herself at her own home again.

When poor Peter awoke, and found that his faithless Meta had tricked him, and left him alone on the wild rock, he said, "Alas! what roguery there is in the world!" And there he sat in great grief and fear upon the mountain, not knowing what in the world he should do.

Now this rock belonged to fierce giants, who lived upon it; and as he saw three of them striding about, he thought to himself, "I can only save myself by feigning to be asleep"; so he laid himself down, as if he were in a sound sleep. When the giants came up to him, the first kicked him with his foot, and said, "What worm is this that lies here curled up?" "Tread upon him and kill him," said the second. "It's not worth the trouble," said the third; "let him live: he will go climbing higher up the mountain, and some cloud will come rolling and carry him away." Then they passed on. But the huntsman had heard all they said, and as soon as they were gone he climbed to the top of the mountain; and when he had sat there a short time, a cloud came rolling around him, and caught him in a whirlwind, and bore him along for some time, till it settled in a garden, and he fell quite gently to the ground, amongst the greens and cabbages.

Then Master Peter got up and scratched his head, and looked around him, and said, "I wish I had something to eat; if I have not I shall be worse off than before: for here I see neither apples nor pears, nor any kind of fruits; nothing but vegetables." At last he thought to himself, "I can eat salad, it will refresh and strengthen me." So he picked out a fine head of some plant that he took for a salad, and ate of it; but scarcely had he swallowed two bites, when he felt himself quite changed, and saw with horror that he was turned into an ass. However, he still felt very hungry, and the green herbs tasted very nice; so he ate on till he came to another plant, which looked very like the first: but it really was quite different, for he had scarcely tasted it when he felt another change come over him, and soon saw that he was lucky enough to have found his old shape, and to have become Peter again.

Then he laid himself down and slept off a little of his weariness; and when he awoke the next morning he brake off a head of each sort of salad, and thought to himself, "This will help me to my fortune again, and enable me to punish some folks for their treachery." So he set about trying to find the castle of his old friends; and, after wandering about a few days, he luckily found it. Then he stained his face all over brown, so that even his mother would not have known him, and went into the castle and asked for a lodging; "I am so tired," said he, "that I can go no further." "Countryman," said the fairy, "who are you? and what is your business?" "I am," said he, "a messenger sent by the king to find the finest salad that grows under the sun. I have been lucky enough to find it, and have brought it with me; but the heat of the sun is so scorching that it begins to wither, and I don't know that I can carry it any further."

When the fairy and the young lady heard of this beautiful salad, they longed to taste it, and said, "Dear countryman, let us just taste it!" "To be sure!" answered he; "I have two heads of it with me, and I will give you one"; so he opened his bag and gave them the bad sort. Then the fairy herself took it into the kitchen to be dressed; and when it was ready she could not wait till it was carried up, but took a few leaves immediately, and put them in her mouth: but scarcely were they swallowed when she lost her own form, and ran braying down into the court in the form of an ass. Now the servant-maid came into the kitchen, and seeing the salad ready was going to carry it up; but on the way she, too, felt a wish to taste it, as the old woman had done, and ate some leaves: so she also was turned into an ass, and ran after the other, letting the dish with the salad fall on the ground.

Peter had been sitting all this time chatting with the fair Meta, and as nobody came with the salad, and she longed to taste it, she said, "I don't know where the salad can be." Then he thought something must have happened, and said, "I will go into the kitchen and see." And as he went he saw two asses in the court running about, and the salad lying on the ground. "All right!" said he, "those two have had their share." Then he took up the rest of the leaves, laid them on the dish, and brought them to the young lady, saying, "I bring you the dish myself, that you may not wait any longer." So she ate of it, and, like the others, ran off into the court braying away.

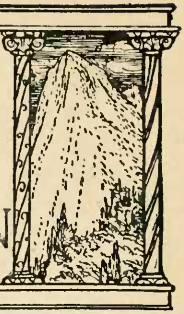
Then Peter the huntsman washed his face and went into the court, that they might know him. "Now you shall be paid for your roguery," said he, and tied them all three to a rope, and took them along with him, till he came to a mill, and knocked at the window. "What's the matter?" said the miller. "I have three tiresome beasts here," said the other; "if you will take them, give them food and room, and treat them as I tell you, I will pay you whatever you ask." "With all my heart," said the miller; "but how shall I treat them?" Then the huntsman said, "Give the old one stripes three times a-day and hay once; give the next (who was the servant-maid) stripes once a-day and hay three times; and give the youngest (who was the pretty Meta) hay three times a-day and no stripes": for he could not find it in his heart to have her beaten. After this he went back to the castle, where he found everything he wanted.

Some days after the miller came to him and told him the old ass was dead. "The other two," said he, "are alive and eat; but they are so sorrowful that they cannot last long." Then Peter pitied them, and told the miller to drive them back to him; and when they came, he gave them some of the good salad to eat.

The moment they had eaten, they were both changed into their right forms, and poor Meta fell on her knees before the huntsman and said, "Forgive me all the ill I have done thee; my mother forced me to it, and it was sorely against my will, for I always loved you well. Your wishing-cloak hangs up in the closet; and as for the bird's heart, I will give you that too." But Peter said, "Keep it; it will be just the same thing in the end, for I mean to make you my wife."

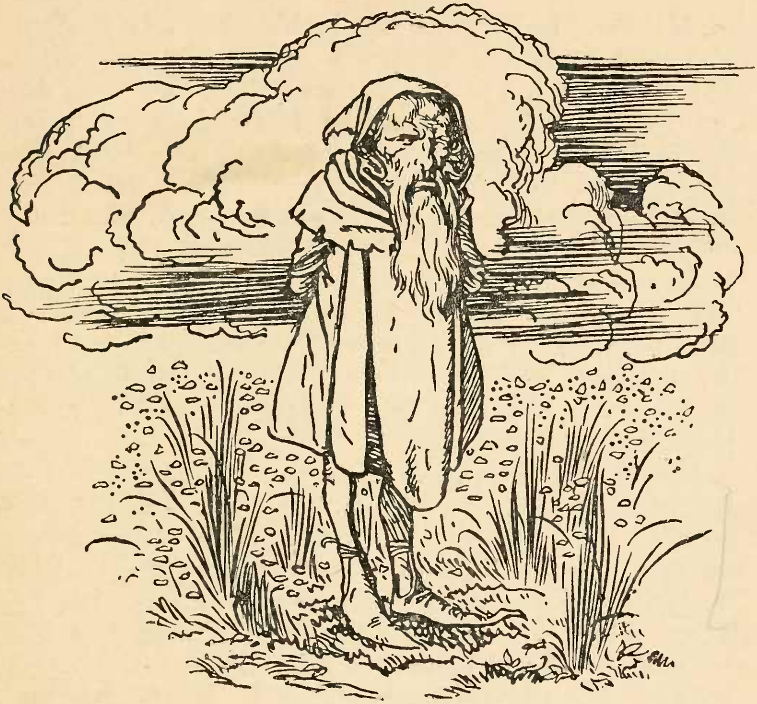
So Meta was very glad to come off so easily; and they were married, and lived together very happily till they died.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN



THERE was once a merchant who had only one child, a son, that was very young, and barely able to run alone. He had two richly-laden ships then making a voyage upon the seas, in which he had embarked all his wealth, in the hope of making great gains, when the news came that both were lost. Thus from being a rich man he became all at once so very poor that nothing was left to him but one small plot of land; and there he often went in an evening to take his walk, and ease his mind of a little of his trouble.

One day, as he was roaming along in a brown study, thinking with no great comfort on what he had been, and what he now was, and was like to be, all on a sudden there stood before him a little rough-looking black dwarf. "Prithee, friend, why so sorrowful?" said he to the merchant; "what is it you take so deeply to heart?" "If you could do me any good I would willingly tell you," said the merchant. "Who knows but I may?" said the little man: "tell me what ails you, and perhaps you will find I may be of some use." Then the merchant told him how all his wealth was gone to the bottom of the sea, and how he had nothing left but that little plot of land. "Oh! trouble not yourself about that," said the dwarf; "only under-



take to bring me here, twelve years hence, whatever meets you first on your going home, and I will give you as much gold as you please." The merchant thought this was no great thing to ask; that it would most likely be his dog, or his cat, or something of that sort, but forgot his little boy Heinel: so he agreed to the bargain, and signed and sealed the bond, to do what was asked of him.

But as he drew near home, his little boy was so glad to see him that he crept behind him, and laid fast hold of his legs, and looked up in his face and laughed. Then the father started, trembling with fear and horror, and saw what it was that he had bound himself to do; but as no gold was come, he made himself easy, by thinking that it was only a joke that the dwarf was playing him, and that, at any rate, when the money came, he should see the bearer, and would not take it in.

About a month afterwards he went up stairs into a lumber-room to look for some old iron, that he might sell it and raise a little money; and there, instead of his iron, he saw a large pile of gold lying on the floor. At the sight of this he was overjoyed, and forgetting all about his son, went into trade again, and became a richer merchant than before.

Meantime little Heinel grew up, and as the end of the twelve years drew near the merchant began to call to mind his bond, and became very sad and thoughtful; so that care and sorrow were written upon his face. The boy one day asked what was the matter, but his father would not tell for some time; at last, however, he said that he had, without knowing it, sold him for gold to a little, ugly-looking, black dwarf, and that the twelve years were coming round when he must keep his word. Then Heinel said, "Father, give yourself very little trouble about that; I shall be too much for the little man."

When the time came, the father and son went out together to the place agreed upon: and the son drew a circle on the ground, and set himself and his father in the middle of it. The little black dwarf soon came, and walked round and round about the circle, but could not find any way to get into it, and he either could not, or dared not, jump over it. At last the boy said to him, "Have you anything to say to us, my friend, or what do you want?" Now Heinel had found a friend in a good fairy, that was fond of him, and had told him what to do; for this fairy knew what good luck was in store for him. "Have you brought me what you said you would?" said the dwarf to the merchant. The old man held his tongue, but Heinel said again, "What do you want here?" The dwarf said, "I come to talk with your father, not with you." "You have cheated and taken in my father," said the son; "pray give him up his bond at once." "Fair and softly," said the little old man; "right is right. I have paid my money, and your father has had it, and spent it; so be so good as to let me have what I paid it for." "You must have my consent to that first," said Heinel; "so please to step in here, and let us talk it over." The old man grinned, and showed his teeth, as if he should have been very glad to get into the circle if he could. Then at last, after a long talk, they came to terms. Heinel agreed that his father must give him up, and that so far the dwarf should have his way: but, on the other hand, the fairy had told Heinel what fortune was in store for him, if he followed his own course; and he did not choose to be given up to his hump-backed friend, who seemed so anxious for his company.

So, to make a sort of drawn battle of the matter, it was settled that Heinel should be put into an open boat, that lay on the sea-shore hard by; that the father should push him off with his own hand, and that he should thus be set adrift, and left to the bad or good luck of wind and weather. Then he took leave of his father, and set himself in the boat; but before it got far off a wave struck it, and it fell with one side low in the water, so the merchant thought that poor Heinel was lost, and went home very sorrowful, while the dwarf went his way, thinking that at any rate he had had his revenge.

The boat, however, did not sink, for the good fairy took care of her friend, and soon raised the boat up again, and it went safely on. The young man sat safe within, till at length it ran ashore upon an unknown land. As he jumped upon the shore he saw before him a beautiful castle, but empty and dreary within, for it was enchanted. "Here," said he to himself, "must I find the prize the good fairy told me of." So he once more searched the whole palace through, till at last he found a white snake, lying coiled up on a cushion in one of the chambers.

Now the white snake was an enchanted princess; and she was very glad to see him, and said, "Are you at last come to set me free? Twelve long years have I waited here for the fairy to bring you hither as she promised, for you alone can save me. This night twelve men will come: their faces will be black, and they will be dressed in chain armour. They will ask what you do here, but give no answer; and let them do what they will, beat, whip, pinch, prick, or torment you, bear all; only speak not a word, and at twelve o'clock they must go away. The second night twelve others will come: and the third night twenty-four, who will even cut off your head; but at the twelfth hour of that night their power is gone, and I shall be free, and will come and bring you the water of life, and will wash you with it, and bring you back to life and health." And all came to pass as she had said; Heinel bore all, and spoke not a word; and the third night the princess came, and fell on his neck and kissed him. Joy and gladness burst forth throughout the castle, the wedding was celebrated, and he was crowned king of the Golden Mountain.

They lived together very happily, and the queen had a son. And thus eight years had passed over their heads, when the king thought of his father; and he began to long to see him once again. But the queen was against his going, and said, "I know well that misfortunes will come upon us if you go." However, he gave her no rest till she agreed. At his going away she gave him a wishing-ring, and said, "Take this ring, and put it on your finger, whatever you wish it will bring you: only promise never to make use of it to bring me hence to your father's house." Then he said he would do what she asked, and put the ring on his finger, and wished himself near the town where his father lived.

Heinel found himself at the gates in a moment; but the guards would not let him go in, because he was so strangely clad. So he went up to a neighbouring hill, where a shepherd dwelt, and borrowed his old frock, and thus passed unknown into the town. When he came to his father's house, he said he was his son; but the merchant would not believe him, and said he had had but one son, his poor Heinel, who he knew was long since dead; and as he was only dressed like a poor shepherd, he would not even give him anything to eat. The king, however, still vowed that he was his son, and said, "Is there no mark by which you would know me if I am really your son?" "Yes," said his mother, "our Heinel had a mark like a raspberry on his right arm." Then he showed them the mark, and they knew that what he had said was true.

He next told them how he was king of the Golden Mountain, and was married to a princess, and had a son seven years old. But the merchant said, "That can never be true; he must be a fine king truly who travels about in a shepherd's frock!" At this the son was vexed; and forgetting his word, turned his ring, and wished for his queen and son. In an instant they stood before him; but the queen wept, and said he had broken his word, and bad luck would follow. He did all he could to soothe her, and she at last seemed to be appeased; but she was not so in truth, and was only thinking how she should punish him.

One day he took her to walk with him out of the town, and showed her the spot where the boat was set adrift upon the wide waters. Then he sat himself down, and said, "I am very much tired; sit by me, I will rest my head in your lap, and sleep awhile." As soon as he had fallen asleep, however, she drew the ring from his finger, and crept softly away, and wished herself and her son at home in their kingdom. And when he awoke he found himself alone, and saw that the ring was gone from his finger. "I can never go back to my father's house," said he, "they would say I am a sorcerer: I will journey forth into the world, till I come again to my kingdom."

So saying, he set out and travelled till he came to a hill, where three giants were sharing their father's goods; and as they saw him pass, they cried out and said, "Little men have sharp wits; he shall part the goods between us." Now there was a sword, that cut off an enemy's head whenever the wearer gave the words, "Heads off!" a cloak, that made the owner invisible, or gave him any form he pleased; and a pair of boots, that carried the wearer wherever he wished. Heinel said they must first let him try these wonderful things, then he might know how to set a value upon them. Then they gave him the cloak, and he wished himself a fly, and in a moment he was a fly. "The cloak is very well," said he; "now give me the sword." "No," said they; "not unless you undertake not to say, 'Heads off!' for if you do, we are all dead men." So they gave it him, charging him to try it only on a tree. He next asked for the boots also; and the moment he had all three in his power, he wished himself at the Golden Mountain; and there he was at once. So the giants were left behind, with no goods to share or quarrel about.

As Heinel came near his castle he heard the sound of merry music; and the people around told him that his queen was about to marry another husband. Then he threw his cloak around him, and passed through the castle-hall, and placed himself by the side of his queen, where no one saw him. But when anything to eat was put upon her plate, he took it away and ate it himself; and when a glass of wine was handed to her, he took it and drank it: and thus, though they kept on giving her meat and drink, her plate and cup were always empty.

Upon this fear and remorse came over her, and she went into her chamber alone, and sat there weeping; and he followed her there. "Alas!" said she to herself, "was I not once set free? why then does this enchantment still seem to bind me?"

"False and fickle one!" said he, "one indeed came who set thee free, and he is now near thee again; but how have you used him? ought he to have had such treatment from thee?" Then he went out and sent away the company, and said the wedding was at an end, for that he was come back to the kingdom. But the princes, and peers, and great men mocked at him. However, he would enter into no parley with them, but only asked them whether they would go in peace, or not. Then they turned upon him and tried to seize him; but he drew his sword: "Heads off!" cried he: and with the word, the traitors' heads fell before him, and Heinel was once more king of the Golden Mountain.

THE TWO BROTHERS

Once upon a time there were two brothers, the one rich and the other poor. The rich brother was a goldsmith, and a wicked man at heart; the poor one supported himself by broom-making, and was good and upright.

The poor brother had two children, twin boys, as like one another as two peas. These children ran backwards and forwards between their home and their rich uncle's house, and were often fed on the scraps from his table. It happened that, one day, the poor man having gone into the wood to gather brushwood, saw a bird, all of gold, and more beautiful than any he had ever seen before. He threw a small stone at it and hit it, but only one gold feather fell to the ground, and the bird flew away. He picked up the feather and took it to his brother, who examined it well, and then said "It is pure gold," and gave him a large sum of money for it.

The next morning, the same bird flew past him, as he was cutting off some of the upper branches of a birch-tree, and making further search, he came upon a nest in which lay a golden egg. He carried home the egg and showed it to his brother, who again said, "It is pure gold," and gave him its worth in money. Presently the goldsmith said, "I should very much like to have the bird itself." So the poor man went again to the wood, and this time he saw the bird sitting on the tree. He threw a stone at it, and the bird fell. He picked it up and took it to his brother, who gave him a large heap of money for it, and he returned home rejoicing. "I shall get on a bit now," thought the poor broom-maker.

The goldsmith, as will be seen, was clever and crafty, and he knew quite well what sort of a bird it was of which he had gained possession. He called his wife and said to her, "Roast this bird for me, and see that no part of it is lost; when it is ready I wish to eat it quite alone." For the bird was no ordinary bird, but of such a wonderful kind, that anyone who had eaten its heart and liver, found a gold piece every morning under his pillow. The wife prepared the bird and put it on the spit to roast. Now it happened that while the bird was still before the fire, and the wife was absent from the kitchen looking after other work, the two poor broom-maker's children ran in. They went up to the hearth and began turning the spit; just then two small pieces fell from the bird into the dripping-pan. "Let us eat those two bits," said one of them, "I am so hungry, and nobody will miss them," and so the children ate them. At that moment the wife returned, and seeing that they were eating something, asked them what it was.

"Only two little bits that fell into the pan," they answered. "They must have been the heart and the liver," exclaimed the affrighted wife, and lest her husband should miss any part of the bird and be angry, she immediately killed a chicken, took out its heart and liver, and placed them with the bird.

When it was roasted, she took it up to her husband, who ate every bit of it himself, without leaving a scrap over. The next morning, however, when he put his hand under the pillow, expecting to pull out a gold piece, no money was to be found more than on other mornings.

The two children, meanwhile, were little aware of the good luck that had befallen them. As they were getting out of bed the following morning, something fell with a jingle on to the floor. They looked to see what it was, and there lay two gold pieces. They picked them up and ran to their father, who was very much puzzled, and said, "How can this have happened?" When, however, they continued to find the same thing every morning, he went and confided the matter to his brother. The goldsmith guessed at once what must have happened; he knew that the children had somehow eaten the heart and liver of the gold bird, and being an envious and cruel hearted man, he revenged himself by saying to their father, "Your children are in league with the evil one, do not touch the gold, and do not suffer them to remain in the house; for he has some power over them and may perhaps bring you also to ruin." The father was afraid of the evil one, and grieved as he was to do it, he led the twins into the wood and left them there, sorrowing the while at heart.

The two children ran about the wood trying to find their way home, but they took the wrong turnings and only strayed farther and farther away from the right path.

At last they met a huntsman who asked, "To whom do you two children belong?"

"We are the poor broom-maker's boys," they answered, and then proceeded to tell him how their father would not keep them at home any longer, because they found a gold piece every morning under their pillows.

"Well," said the huntsman, "that is not such a bad thing after all, provided you use the money honestly, and do not grow lazy," and as he had no children of his own, and had taken a fancy to these two, the good man took them home with him, telling them that he would be a father to them and bring them up.

So he taught them how to become excellent huntsmen, and saved up the money which they always found on rising, that it might be ready for them in case of need.

When they were both grown up, their foster-father took them with him one day into the wood, and said, "To-day you are both to make your trial shot, for since you are now fully trained huntsmen, I can then release you from your apprenticeship."

They started together in search of game, but could find nothing to shoot. At last the huntsman looked up and saw a flock of wild geese flying overhead in the shape of a triangle, so he said to one of the youths, "Shoot me down one from each corner." The boy did so, and thus successfully stood the required test.

A few minutes later another flock of geese passed overhead in the shape of the figure two. The huntsman gave the same order to the other brother, and he also brought down a bird from each corner, and so safely made his trial shot.

The huntsman then declared them free from any further dependence upon himself, adding, "You are now both accomplished huntsmen."

So the brothers went off into the wood and consulted together, and finally agreed what they would do.

When they sat down to supper that evening, they said to their foster father:

"We will not touch a single morsel of food until you have granted us the request we have to make?"

"And what is the request?" he asked.

They answered, "We have been fully trained as huntsmen, but we still want experience, and what we ask is that you will let us leave you and go out into the world by ourselves."

The old man responded with delight, "You speak as brave hunstmen should, and what you wish is my desire also; go forth, all will, I know, be well with you."

After this they passed a happy evening, making merry over their supper.

When the appointed day came for their departure, the foster-father gave them each a good gun, and let them take as much as they wanted from the money he had saved for them. He went with them part of the way, and before finally saying good-bye to them, he made them a further present of a knife with a polished blade. "If later on," he said, "you should have to separate, stick this knife into a tree at the cross-ways, and when either of you wishes to know how his absent brother is faring, go back and look at the blade on the side facing the direction in which he went: if he is dead, the blade will be rusty, but as long as he is alive, it will remain bright."

The brothers travelled on and at last came to a forest which was too large to be traversed in a single day's journey, so they encamped there for the night, and fed on what they had in their hunting-pouches. The next day, however, they found it equally impossible to get out of the forest, and as they had now nothing left to eat, one of them said, "We must shoot something for ourselves, or we shall starve," and he loaded his gun and looked about to see what he could find.

An old hare came running by, and he was just going to shoot her, when she cried—

"Dear young Huntsman, if I may live,
Two of my young to thee I'll give."

And with that she leaped into the underwood and brought out two of her young; but the little things were so lively, and gambolled so prettily, that the two huntsmen could not find it in their hearts to kill them. So they agreed to keep them, and the young animals followed them on foot.

Then a fox crept across their path, and they thought they would shoot him, but he cried—

"Dear young Huntsman, if I may live,
Two of my young to thee I'll give."

And he also brought out two of his cubs, but the huntsmen again did not like to kill them; so they gave them to the hares as companions, and the four followed together.

Soon after this, a wolf stepped out from the thicket, and the huntsmen aimed at her, but the wolf cried —

"Dear young Huntsman, if I may live
Two of my young to thee I'll give."

The two young wolves were added to the other animals, and also followed along with them.

Next a bear appeared, who thought he should like to trot about a bit longer, and so he cried—

"Dear young huntsman, if I may live,
Two of my young to thee I'll give."

These two cubs now brought the number of the animals up to eight.

And last of all, what came? a lion—shaking his mane. But the huntsmen were not to be frightened, and they pointed their guns at him, but the lion also cried—

"Dear young huntsman, if I may live,
Two of my young to thee I'll give."

And he brought his young ones to them; and now the huntsmen had two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes, and two hares, and these all followed after them and were of service to them.

But with all this their hunger was not appeased, so they said to the foxes: "Listen, you sly ones, you are slim and artful, get us something to eat." They answered: "There is a village not far from here, from which we have stolen many a hen; we can show you the way thither." They went on therefore to the village, bought food for themselves and their animals, and then went further on their road. The foxes knew the neighbourhood well, and where all the best poultry-yards were to be found, so the huntsmen found them very useful as guides.

They wandered about like this for some time, but were unable to find any employment which would allow them to remain together, so they said to one another, "There is no help for it, we shall have to part." They divided the animals, so that they each had a lion, a bear, a wolf, a fox, and a hare; then they bade farewell to one another, vowed to love each other till death, and stuck the knife, which their foster-father had given them, into a tree; and this done, the one brother turned his steps to the east, the other to the west.

The younger of the two, accompanied by his animals, came to a town which was everywhere hung with black. He went into an inn and asked the innkeeper if he could give shelter to the animals, and the innkeeper put them in one of his stables. There was a hole in the wall of the stable, and the hare crept through and fetched herself a cabbage, and the fox followed and fetched himself a hen, and when he had eaten her up, he went out again and brought in the cock. The wolf, and the bear, and the lion were too big to get through the hole, and would have fared badly, if the innkeeper had not given them one of his cows.

Having attended to his animals, the huntsman now asked the innkeeper the cause of the general mourning. "It is because to-morrow," replied the innkeeper, "the king's only daughter must die."

"Is she then so ill that she cannot recover?" asked the huntsman.

"No," answered the innkeeper, "she is young and in good health, but nevertheless to-morrow she dies."

"But how is that?" said the huntsman.

"Just beyond the town there rises a high mountain, and on it lives a dragon, and every year a young maiden must be given up to him, or he will devastate the whole country. But now he has had all the young maidens of the town, and only one remains, the king's daughter; there is, therefore, no possibility of saving her, she must be sacrificed to him, and this is to take place to-morow."

"But why has no one killed the dragon?" said the huntsman.

"Ah!" answered the innkeeper, "many knights have lost their lives in the attempt, for the king has not only promised his daughter as wife to the man who kills the dragon, but will also leave his kingdom to him after his death."

The huntsman made no further remark, but the following morning he started off with his animals and climbed up the mountain. On reaching the top he found a little church, on the altar of which stood three full goblets inscribed with the words, "Whosoever drinks the contents of these goblets will at once become the strongest man on earth, and will be able to wield the sword that lies buried beyond the threshold of the church." The huntsman did not immediately drink of them but went first and looked for the buried sword, but he found it quite beyond his strength to move. Then he went back into the church and emptied the three goblets, and after that he had no difficulty in lifting the sword, and was able to wield it with the greatest ease. At last the hour came when the king's daughter was to be delivered up to the dragon.

She was accompanied to the foot of the mountain by her father, the marshal, and others of the court.

She looked up from below and saw the huntsman on the mountain top, and thought it was the dragon awaiting her, and at first she would not begin the ascent. After a while, however, knowing that otherwise the whole town would be destroyed, she gathered courage, and began the last stage of her mournful journey. The king and the court turned sorrowfully homewards, only the marshal remained behind, as it was his duty to watch at a distance to the end

When the king's daughter reached the summit of the mountain, she found there not the dragon she expected, but a young huntsman, who spoke words of comfort to her and promised to save her. He then led her into the church, and locked the door upon her. It was not long before the huntsman heard a hideous roar, and saw the seven-headed monster coming towards him. On seeing the huntsman, the dragon exclaimed in astonishment, "What have you to do here on this mountain?" The huntsman answered, "I have come to fight with you."

"Ah," said the dragon, "so many knights have said that and have ended by losing their lives, and I will make an end of yours too," and with this the fire came pouring out of his seven jaws and set fire to the surrounding grass. The huntsman was nearly suffocated by the heat and smoke, but his animals came running up and trod out the fire. The dragon now rushed towards him, but the huntsman swung up his sword, which came whistling down through the air and cut off three of the monster's heads. Then the dragon in his fury, reared himself up, shot flames of fire towards the huntsman, and was about to fall on him, when he again lifted his sword and cut off three more heads. The monster sank exhausted, but roused himself to make one more attack on the huntsman. The latter, his strength almost at an end, with one last blow, cut off the dragon's tail, and then unable to fight any more himself, he called his animals, and they tore the monster in pieces.

The fight now being over, the huntsman opened the church door. He found the king's daughter lying on the floor in a swoon, into which she had fallen, overcome by distress and terror while the fighting was going on. He carried her out, and as she came to herself and opened her eyes, he showed her the torn carcass of the dragon, and told her that she was saved. In her joy she exclaimed, "Now I shall have you for my dear husband, for my father has promised me to the man who should kill the dragon." In recompense for what they had done, she then took off her coral necklace and divided it among the animals, giving the lion the gold clasp. Her handkerchief, on which her name was worked, she gave to the huntsman. He now went and cut out the dragon's seven tongues, which he wrapped up in the handkerchief, and kept carefully by him.

This being done, feeling exhausted after the heat and the fighting, he said to the king's daughter, "Let us sleep a little, we are both tired and faint." She agreed to this, and they lay down on the ground. Before sleeping, however, the huntsman said to the lion, "You must watch and see that no one surprises us while we are sleeping," and then he and the king's daughter both fell asleep.

The lion placed himself near them, so as to watch, but he also was tired after the fight, so he called the bear, and said, "Keep near me, for I must sleep a little while, and if you see anything coming, wake me." The bear therefore laid himself down near the lion, but he was also tired, and so he called the wolf, and said, "Keep near me, for I must sleep a little while, and if you see anything coming, wake me." The wolf, therefore, laid himself down by the bear, but he was also tired, so he called the fox, and said, "Keep near me, for I must sleep a little while, and if you see anything coming, wake me." The fox, therefore, laid himself down near the wolf, but he was also tired, so he called the hare, and said, "Keep near me, for I must sleep a little while, and if you see anything coming, wake me."

So the hare sat down beside him, but the poor hare was also tired, and had no one to ask to watch by her, and she fell asleep. So now, the king's daughter, the huntsman, the lion, the bear, the wolf, the fox, and the hare, had all fallen asleep, and were all sleeping soundly.

Meanwhile the marshal, whose duty it had been to watch from a distance, when he saw no dragon re-appear carrying off the king's daughter, and heard no further sound of any kind on the mountain top, summoned up courage to climb to the summit and ascertain the cause of the silence. There lay the torn and dismembered carcass of the dragon, and near it the king's daughter, and a huntsman and his animals, all sunk in deep sleep; and when the marshal saw this, being a wicked and treacherous man, he drew his sword and cut off the huntsman's head, took the king's daughter in his arms, and carried her down the mountain. Thereupon she awoke, and was seized with fear. "You are now in my power," said the marshal to her, "you are to tell everyone that it was I who killed the dragon."

"I cannot do that," she answered, "for it was a huntsman with his animals who saved me." But he drew his sword and threatened to kill her, if she refused to do as he commanded, and she was at last forced to promise what he wished. Then he took her back to the palace, and the king did not know what to say or do, so overcome with joy was he to see his beloved daughter, whom he had believed to be devoured by the dragon, still alive. The marshal told him that he it was who had killed the dragon, and had thus delivered both his daughter and the whole kingdom, and he claimed her as his bride, according to the king's promise. The king asked his daughter if what the marshal told him was true.

"Yes," she answered, "it must I suppose be true; but I will not consent to the marriage taking place until a year and a day have passed," for, she thought to herself, during that time I may hear something from my dear huntsman.

All this while the animals continued sleeping beside their dead master. A large humble-bee now came and settled on the nose of the hare, but she brushed it off with her paw and went to sleep again. The bee came a second time, but the hare again brushed it off and continued to sleep. Then the bee came a third time and stung her on the nose, and this awoke her. As soon as she was awake, she woke the fox, and he woke the wolf, and the wolf the bear, and the bear the lion. And when the lion awoke, and saw that the maiden was no longer there and that his master was dead, he gave a terrible roar, and cried, "Who has done this? Bear, why did you not wake me?" And the bear asked the wolf, "Why did you not wake me?" and the wolf the fox, "Why did you not wake me?" and the fox the hare, "Why did you not wake me?" The poor hare was the only one who could not give an answer, and so the blame rested with her, and the other animals were ready to fall upon her and kill her, but she begged and prayed, and said, "Do not kill me, I will bring our master to life again. I know of a mountain where grows a root, which cures every disease and heals every kind of wound if placed in the person's mouth; the mountain, however, is two hundred leagues from here."

"You must be there and back in four and twenty hours," said the lion, "and must bring the root with you." The hare set off racing, and in four and twenty hours she was back, bringing the root with her. The lion then fixed on his master's head again, and the hare put the root in his mouth, and the head was at once joined on to the body, and the heart began to beat and life returned. The huntsman was very much alarmed when he awoke and found the king's daughter no longer there, and he thought to himself, "She wanted to be rid of me, that is why she went away while I was sleeping." Now the lion in his haste had put on his master's head wrong side before, but the huntsman was so full of trouble thinking on the king's daughter, that he never noticed this until he was about to begin his midday meal. He could not understand why his head should be turned the wrong way, and asked the animals what had befallen him while he was asleep. Then the lion related to him how he and the other animals had been so tired that they had all fallen asleep, and on awaking, had found him dead and his head cut off, and how the hare had fetched the root that brought him to life again, and how he, the lion, had in his haste put the head on the wrong way, but he assured his master that he could soon make it all right again. And with that, he cut off his master's head for the second time, turned it round, and the hare fastened it on again with the healing root.

Nevertheless the huntsman was very sad at heart, as he travelled about with his animals, and let them dance before the people. Now it came to pass that a year had just elapsed when he found himself once more in the same town in which the king lived, whose daughter he had rescued from the dragon, but this time the town was hung with scarlet.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked the innkeeper; "a year ago when I was here the town was everywhere hung with black, why is it decked out to-day with scarlet?"

"It is just a year ago," replied the innkeeper, "that the king's daughter was rescued from the dragon by the marshal, who fought with it and killed it, and to-morrow their marriage is to be celebrated; that is the reason that the town was then full of mourning, but to-day is full of rejoicing."

The day following, which was the one fixed for the marriage, as the hour for the midday meal drew near, the huntsman said to the innkeeper, "Will you believe me if I tell you that I shall eat some of the bread from the king's table in your house to-day?"

"I will sooner wager a hundred gold pieces that such a thing will not happen," answered the innkeeper. The huntsman accepted the wager, and put down another hundred gold pieces out of his purse. Then he called the hare and said to her, "Go, my dear little nimble one, and fetch me some of the bread that the king himself eats."

The hare was the least important of the animals, and could not therefore ask one of the others to take her place, so she had to make use of her own legs and do the business herself. "Ah!" she thought with a shudder, "when I go jumping along the streets all by myself, the butchers' dogs will be after me."

It happened as she had anticipated, for the dogs ran after her, and wanted to tear her pretty coat; but she gave a leap—you know how they do it—and hid herself in a sentry-box, unseen by the soldier on guard; so when the dogs followed her up to try and get her out, he did not see the joke of it, and drove them all off, crying and howling, with the butt end of his rifle.

As soon as the hare saw that the coast was clear, she sprang towards the castle, and went straight to where the king's daughter was sitting, crept under her chair and scratched her foot. "Will you go away," said the king's daughter, thinking it was her dog. The hare scratched again, and again, thinking it was her dog, she said, "Will you go away." The hare, however, did not let this turn her from her purpose, and she scratched a third time, and this time the king's daughter looked down and saw the hare and recognized her by her collar. Then she took her up in her arms and carried her to her own room, and said, "What is it you want, dear hare?" She answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here and has sent me to ask for one of the loaves, such as the king himself eats." The king's daughter was delighted to hear this, and sent and ordered the baker to bring one of the king's loaves. "But," said the little hare, "the baker must carry me back, so that the butchers' dogs may not get at me." So the baker carried her to the door of the inn, where he set her down on her hind legs, and she then took the bread in her front paws and carried it to her master.

"Well," said the huntsman to the innkeeper, "you see, my friend, the hundred gold pieces are mine." The innkeeper was filled with astonishment, but now the huntsman said, "The bread I have got, now I wish for some of the roast meat that is served at the king's table." The innkeeper was too wise to bet again, and only exclaimed, "I should like to see you get it."

This time the fox was sent for, and the huntsman said to him, "Little fox, go and fetch me some of the roast meat, such as the king himself eats." The fox knew more tricks than the hare, and he crept round corners and ran along the side-cuts, so that the dogs never caught sight of him at all, and so he made his way till he got under the chair of the king's daughter and scratched her foot. She looked down and recognised the fox by his collar, and she took him into her room, and said, "What is it you want, dear fox?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here and has sent to ask for some of the roast meat that the king himself eats." So she ordered the cook to prepare a dish of roast meat, such as was served to the king, and to carry the fox back to the inn; there the fox took the dish from him, brushed off the flies, that had settled upon it on the way, with his tail, and carried it in to his master.

"See now," said the huntsman to the innkeeper, "I have both bread and meat, but I must still have some of the vegetables from the king's table," and he sent for the wolf, and said, "go and fetch me some vegetables, such as the king himself eats." The wolf went straight off to the castle, for he was not afraid of anyone, and when he reached the room of the king's daughter, he went behind her and pulled her dress, so that she looked round. She recognised him by his collar, and taking him apart, said, "What is it you want, dear wolf?" "My master, who killed the dragon, is here and has sent me to ask for some vegetables, such as the king himself eats." Then she ordered the cook to prepare some vegetables, such as were served at the king's table, and to carry them to the inn; there the wolf took the dish from him and carried it to his master.

"See now," said the huntsman, "I have bread, meat, and vegetables, but I must still have some of the sweetmeats such as the king himself eats," and calling the bear, he said, "Dear bear, you like the taste of sweet things, fetch me some of the sweetmeats that are sent up to the king's table." So the bear went trotting along to the castle, and everybody got out of his way, till he came to the sentries, and they tried to bar his entrance with their rifles, but he lifted himself on his hind legs and dealt them such blows right and left with his paws, that they all fell one upon the other. Then he made his way straight to the king's daughter, went behind her, and gave a little growl. She looked round and recognised the bear, and bidding him follow her to her room, said, "What is it you want, dear bear?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here and has sent me to ask for some sweetmeats, such as the king himself eats." So she sent for the confectioner, and ordered him to make some sweetmeats such as were sent up to the king's table, and to carry them to the inn; there the bear first licked up the little sugar balls that had fallen on to the ground, then stood up on his hind legs, took the dish, and carried it to his master.

"See now," said the huntsman, "I have bread, meat, vegetables, and sweetmeats, but I must still have some wine, such as the king himself drinks." He called his lion, and said, "Dear lion, you are fond of a good draught of wine yourself, go and fetch me some such as the king himself drinks." The lion stalked along the streets, and everybody fled before him: when he came to the sentries they were going to bar his passage, but he gave one roar, and they all sprang aside. The lion went up to the door of the royal chamber, and knocked on it with his tail. The king's daughter came out, and for a moment was alarmed at the sight of the lion, but she recognised him by the gold clasp of the necklace, and bidding him come to her room, said, "What is it you want, dear lion?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here and has sent me to ask for some wine, such as the king himself drinks." So she sent for the cup-bearer, and ordered him to let the lion have some of the king's wine. "I will go with him," said the lion, "and see that I get the right kind." So he went down to the cellar with the cup-bearer, and when there, the latter wanted to draw him some of the ordinary kind, such as was drunk by the king's servants, but the lion cried, "Stop! I will taste the wine first," and drawing himself a pint, he gulped it down at a draught. "No," he said, "that is not the right kind." The cup-bearer gave him a side glance, and was going to draw some wine from another cask that was kept for the king's marshal, but the lion cried, "Stop! I will taste the wine first." He drew himself a pint and drank it off. "That is better, but not the right kind yet." The cup-bearer now lost his temper and exclaimed, "What should a stupid animal like you know about wine." Whereupon the lion gave him such a blow behind the ear, that he fell none too softly to the ground, and after he had picked himself up again, he did not say any more but led the lion into a small cellar, set apart for the king's wine, which no one else was ever allowed to touch. The lion again drew off a pint and tasted the wine. "We have come to the right sort now," he said, and ordered the cup-bearer to fill six bottles for him. After that they went upstairs, but as he passed from the cellar into the open air, the lion began to be rather unsteady on his feet, and the cup-bearer was obliged to carry the wine for him to the inn; the lion then took the handle of the basket in his mouth, and brought it to his master.

"See now," said the huntsman, "I have bread, meat vegetables, sweetmeats, and wine, such as the King himself has; now I and my animals will have our dinner," and he sat down to the table and ate and drank, and gave food and drink also to the hare, the fox, the wolf, the bear, and the lion, and was of good cheer, for he was certain that the king's daughter still cared for him. After dinner, he said to the innkeeper, "I have eaten and drunk, as the king eats and drinks, now I will go to the king's court and marry the king's daughter." The host asked how that could be, since there was already a bridegroom, and that very day the marriage was to be celebrated. The huntsman drew out the handkerchief that had been given him on the dragon's mountain by the king's daughter, and in which he had kept the monster's seven tongues. "That which I hold in my hand," he answered, "will help me to it." The innkeeper looked at the handkerchief, and said, "I can believe everything but that, I will wager my house and farm you do not succeed."

The huntsman drew out a purse containing a thousand gold pieces, and laid it on the table: "And I will wager that much that I do," was his response.

While this was going on at the inn, the king was sitting at his own table with his daughter, and said to her, "What did all those wild animals that have been running in and out of my castle, want with you?" She answered, "I cannot tell you that, but you will do well to send and fetch hither the master of those animals." So the king despatched a servant to the inn with an invitation from him to the stranger, and the servant arrived just as the huntsman had completed his wager with the innkeeper. "You see, Mr Innkeeper, the king has sent his servant to invite me," he said; "but I do not intend to go like that," and turning to the servant he continued, "I pray you beg of the king that he send me some royal robes and a carriage with six horses, and servants to wait upon me "

When the king received this answer, he turned to his daughter, and asked, "What am I to do?" She replied, "You will do well to send for him as he desires." Accordingly the king sent the royal robes and the carriage with six horses, and servants to wait upon the huntsman. When the latter saw them coming, "See, Mr Innkeeper," he said, "they have sent to fetch me as I desired," and he put on the royal robes and drove off to the castle, taking with him the handkerchief and the dragon's tongues.

When the king saw him coming, he asked his daughter, "How shall I receive him?" She replied, "You will do well to go and meet him." So the king went out to meet him and led him up to the banqueting-room, the animals following meanwhile. The king gave him a seat beside himself and his daughter, the marshal, as bridegroom, was seated on the other side, but he did not recognise the huntsman.

The dragon's heads were now carried round for all the company to see. "Those are the seven heads of the dragon that was slain by the marshal," said the king; "it is in return for that deed that I am this day giving him my daughter for wife." The huntsman now stood up and one by one opened the seven jaws, and asked, "What has become of the seven tongues of the dragon?" Then a great fear seized the marshal, and he turned pale and did not know what to answer; till at last he said in his terror, "Dragons have no tongues."

"Liars should have none," exclaimed the huntsman, "but the dragon's tongues are the trophies which distinguish the victor," and with that he unfolded the handkerchief, and taking up the tongues that he had uncovered, he placed one in each of the dragon's mouths, and they all fitted exactly. Then handing the handkerchief on which her name was embroidered to the king's daughter, he asked her to whom she had given it. She answered, "To him who killed the dragon." Calling his animals to him, he took the ornaments off their necks, among them the gold clasp from the lion's neck, and showing them to her, asked to whom they belonged. "The necklace and the clasp were mine," she answered, "and I divided them among the animals who helped to destroy the dragon." Then the huntsman spoke further. "As I was resting and sleeping after the fatigue of the fight, the marshal came and cut off my head. He carried away the king's daughter, and pretended that it was he who had killed the dragon; but that he lied is here proved by these tongues, this handkerchief, and this necklace." He continued to relate how he had been healed by a wonderful root brought to him by his animals, and how he and they had been wandering about during the last year, and had then come again to the town where he had learnt from the innkeeper the treacherous behaviour of the marshal. Upon this, the king said to his daughter, "Is it true that it was this man who killed the dragon?" And she answered, "Yes, it is true; and since it is through no doing of mine that it has come to light, I am no longer afraid to speak of the marshal's shameful deed. He forced me by his threats to keep silence, but it was on that account that I refused to have the marriage celebrated before a year and a day had elapsed." The king now summoned twelve of his councillors to pronounce sentence on the marshal, and he was condemned to be torn in pieces by wild oxen. The marshal thus received the just due of his deeds, while the huntsman was rewarded with the hand of the king's daughter, and was also appointed governor of the whole kingdom. The marriage was celebrated with great rejoicings, and the young king sent for his father and foster-father, and loaded them with gifts. He did not forget the innkeeper either, but sent for him, and said, "You see, Mr Innkeeper, I have married the king's daughter, so your house and farm are mine." "Yes," replied the innkeeper, "that is right according to justice."

"I will make it right, however, according to mercy," said the young king. "House and farm you shall keep, and I make you a present besides of the thousand gold pieces."

The young king and queen were now very happy, and led a pleasant life together. He often went out hunting, as that was one of his chief enjoyments, and his animals always accompanied him. It happened that there was a forest in the neighbourhood, said to be enchanted and unsafe for travellers, for anyone once within it was not able easily to get out again. This made the young king very anxious to see what it was like, and he did not rest until he had obtained the old king's permission to go and hunt there. He rode out with a large following, and had just reached the edge of the forest, when he caught sight of a white doe among the trees, and he called out to his men, "Stay here till I return; I must go after that beautiful creature," and off he rode into the forest, only his animals with him. His followers stood and waited till evening, but the young king never returned, so they rode back and told the young queen that her husband had gone into the enchanted forest to hunt a white doe, and had not returned. She was now in a terrible state of anxiety. Meanwhile the young king had gone riding on after the doe, but had not been able to overtake her; each time he thought her within reach of a shot, she again sprang far ahead of him, and at last she disappeared. He now became aware that he had ridden a great distance into the forest, and he took his horn and blew; no answer came, however, for his followers were too far off to hear his call. The night now fell, and the young king saw that it would be impossible for him to get out of the forest that day, so he dismounted, lit a fire under one of the trees and prepared to spend the night there.

As he was sitting by the fire, his animals lying near him, he thought he heard the sound of a human voice; he looked about, but could see nothing. A little while after he again heard what sounded like a groan above his head, and looking up he saw an old woman sitting on the tree, moaning to herself, and saying, "Oh! Oh! Oh! how cold I am!" So he called to her, "Come down and warm yourself if you are so cold." But she answered, "I am afraid to come down, your animals will bite me." "No, no," said the huntsman, "they will do you no harm, old mother, come along down." But the old woman was really a witch, and so she said, "I will throw you down a wand, and if you will strike them across the back with it, they will not then touch me," and so saying she threw him the wand, and he gave each of the animals a stroke with it, which silenced them, for they were immediately turned into stone. Feeling safe now from the animals, the old woman sprang down, and with another wand she had in her hand she touched the huntsman, and he was also turned into stone. At this she laughed, and took the man and his animals and laid them in a hollow, where there were already many stones of the same kind.

Now when the young king never came back, the queen became more and more anxious and distressed. It happened that just at this time the other brother, who had travelled east at parting, arrived in the kingdom. He had not been able to obtain service under any one, and had therefore wandered about, letting his animals dance before the people. One day it occurred to him that he should like to go and look at the knife, to ascertain how his brother was faring. When he came to it and looked at the blade on the side towards which his brother had travelled, he found half of it bright and half rusty. This filled him with alarm, and he thought to himself, "some great misfortune must have befallen my brother, but since half of the blade is still bright, I may yet be able to save him." He turned to the west with his animals, and when he reached the city gate, the guard met him, and asked him if he should announce his return to his wife, "for," he added, "the young queen has been in great anxiety at your absence for many days past, as she feared that you had perished in the enchanted forest." The guard, in short, thought that he was no other than the young king himself, seeing his likeness to his brother and the wild animals running after him. The huntsman saw at once that he was mistaken for his brother, and thought, "it will be better for me to pretend I am he, as I may find it easier to deliver him." Accordingly he let the guard go with him into the castle, and there he was received with joyful greetings. The young queen herself never doubted that it was her husband, and asked him why he had remained such a long time away. He answered, "I lost myself in the forest, and I could not find my way out before."

During the next few days he made enquiries about the mysterious forest, and finally said that he must go and hunt there again. The king and the young queen did all they could to dissuade him from this, but he insisted upon going, and rode off, accompanied by a large following. When he reached the forest, he saw the same white doe that had appeared to his brother, and he said to his people, "Wait here until I return, I must go after this beautiful creature," and he rode into the forest, his animals running after. But he could not overtake the doe, and at last found himself so far within the forest that he was obliged to spend the night there.

He had just made himself a fire when he heard a voice groaning overhead, "Oh! Oh! Oh! how cold I am!" He looked up, and there was the same old witch sitting on the tree. He called up to her, "If you are cold, old mother, come down and warm yourself."

"I am afraid your animals will bite me," she answered.

"They will not do you any harm," he said; but she called to him, "I will throw you down a wand; if you will hit them with it over their backs, they will not hurt me." When the huntsman heard this, he replied, "I am not going to hit my animals; come down or I will fetch you."

"What is it you want then?" she cried; "you have no power to touch me."

"If you don't come down I will shoot you," he answered again.

"Shoot at me then," she said, "I am not afraid of your bullets." So he aimed and fired at her, but being a witch she was proof against all leaden bullets, and laughed till she yelled, crying, "You haven't hit me yet." The huntsman, however, knew something about these matters, and he pulled three silver buttons off his coat and loaded his rifle with them, and as all her witchcraft was of no avail against these, he no sooner hit her, than she fell with a scream to the ground.

Then he put his foot on her, and said, "Old witch, if you do not at once tell me where my brother is, I will take you up and throw you in the fire." Full of terror, she begged for mercy, and told him that his brother and his animals were lying in a hollow of the forest, turned to stone. Then he made her go along with him, threatening her the while, saying, "Old Sea-cat, you will make my brother and all the other creatures lying with him, alive again, or into the fire you go." She took a wand and touched the stones, and immediately his brother and the animals came to life again, and with them many others, merchants, artisans, shepherds, who all rose up, thanked the huntsman for having released them, and returned home. The twin brothers, however, when they saw each other again, kissed one another and rejoiced greatly together. But they seized the old witch and burnt her to death, and as soon as she was dead, the forest opened of itself and became full of light and cheerfulness, and the royal castle could be seen three leagues away.

As the brothers were walking home together, the youngest said, "You and I look exactly alike, and are both dressed in the same royal robes, and are followed by the same animals; let us go in at opposite doors, and appear before the king at the same moment from different sides of the castle." So they separated, and the guard came from the one door and the other at the same time, to announce to the old king the return of the young king from the chase with his animals.

"It is not possible," said the king, "the gates are a league apart from one another." But as he spoke, a brother appeared at either gate, entered the castle court, and mounted the stairs.

The king turned to his daughter: "Make known to me which is your husband," he said; "I cannot tell one from the other." But the young queen was herself sore perplexed, and could not decide which was which, until she suddenly thought of the necklace that she had given the animals. So she looked, and found the gold clasp on one of the lions' necks, and cried out gleefully, "He whom this lion follows is my rightful husband." The young king laughed at this, and said, "Yes, that is the right one," and then all sat down together, and ate and drank, full of good cheer. When the young king learnt from his wife that evening how good and faithful his brother had been to him, he loved him more than ever.

TURNBULL AND SPEARS, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.